

70% NEW material! (Well, almost...Probably...Maybe in dog years?)



MAD

OUR PRICE
CHEAP!

NO. 28
DEC 2022

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

(BIG DEAL!)

70 YEARS DUMB!

FEATURING

**WEIRD AL LOVES
WACKY JAFFEE**

**JORDAN PEELE
STARES ALFRED IN THE EYE**

**SERGIO ARAGONÉS
LOOKS AT MAD...AGAIN!**

**WE BEAT UP
"THE BATMAN"**

**THE USUAL
GANG OF IDIOTS**

THE FOLD-IN FOLDS IN!

**PLUS MUCH MORE
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN!**

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SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 28 DECEMBER 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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- 02** MAD Reader!, MAD #11, May 1954
- 04** The MAD "Effluent Society" Pollution Primer, MAD #146, Dec 1971
- 06** Sergio Aragonés Presents Another MAD Look at MAD
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- 43** The Castaway, MAD #182, Apr 1976
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- 49** Dick DeBartolo's MADgical History Tour
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD JUMBO Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



02



14



28



36



54





OF ONE'S OWN ACCORDION DEPT.

Weird Al Loves Wacky Al Jaffee

WRITER "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC
ARTIST ED STECKLE



PANEL IS FROM "POSTAGE STAMP ADVERTISING," ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #104, JUL. 1966

As of this writing, the great Al Jaffee is still very much alive and well. (347 years old—amazing!) I'm a lifelong fan of Al's and have always been enormously entertained by his work in MAD, including the iconic "Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions" and of course the legendary Fold-Ins. I'm still picking up pieces of my brain off the floor after finding out that I was the subject of one of those Fold-Ins back in 2014.

But he's also responsible for my single most-favorite one-panel cartoon ever.

When I was growing up in Lynwood, California, Kenny Rokos lived directly across the street from me. I liked Kenny well enough, but what

I really liked about going over to his house was the fact that his dad happened to have a big stack of MAD magazines in the closet. I was already a voracious MAD reader by this time, and this was a convenient way for me to get my fix.

I remember one day I was thumbing through a 1966 back issue and stumbled upon this three-page article by Mr. Jaffee. Honestly, I don't even remember what the article was about, but I'll never forget one of the images that it included: a very realistic-looking Dennis the Menace cartoon in which Dennis is running into the kitchen to proudly show his horrified mother a human skull. The caption: "LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN MR. WILSON'S HEAD!"

This completely short-circuited my brain. Without exaggeration, I may have laughed for 20 minutes straight. It was the funniest thing I had seen in my life up to that point—and frankly, I can't think of any other time in my life when I've laughed harder.

I mean, it's such a dark joke. It creates such an absurd and disturbing visual image: Was Dennis playfully clawing all the flesh off of Mr. Wilson's

head until he found this lovely treasure? And now how is Mom supposed to react to this act of depravity? This one cartoon may be the sole reason why so many of the songs in my catalog are twisted and violent. And the attention to detail is magnificent—it's virtually identical to Hank Ketcham's comic art. I probably learned that important lesson about the craft of parody from this cartoon as well.

A few years ago I heard that beloved longtime Simpsons writer George Meyer deemed this cartoon his all-time favorite as well. For an obscure little drawing hidden away in a three-page article in a magazine that's over half a century old, I think that's really saying something.

Anyway, thank you, Al Jaffee, for the many, many, many laughs over the years. And here's to 347 more!

"WEIRD AL"
Yankovic

—April 2022

Be sure to stream "WEIRD: The Al Yankovic Story." Premieres November 4th on The Roku Channel!



DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING TWO PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME!.....NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST...HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!...**VERY VERY** WELL! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT **YOU**...OUR...

MAD READER!

WRITER: HARVEY KURTZMAN

ARTIST: BASIL WOLVERTON



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #11, MAY 1954

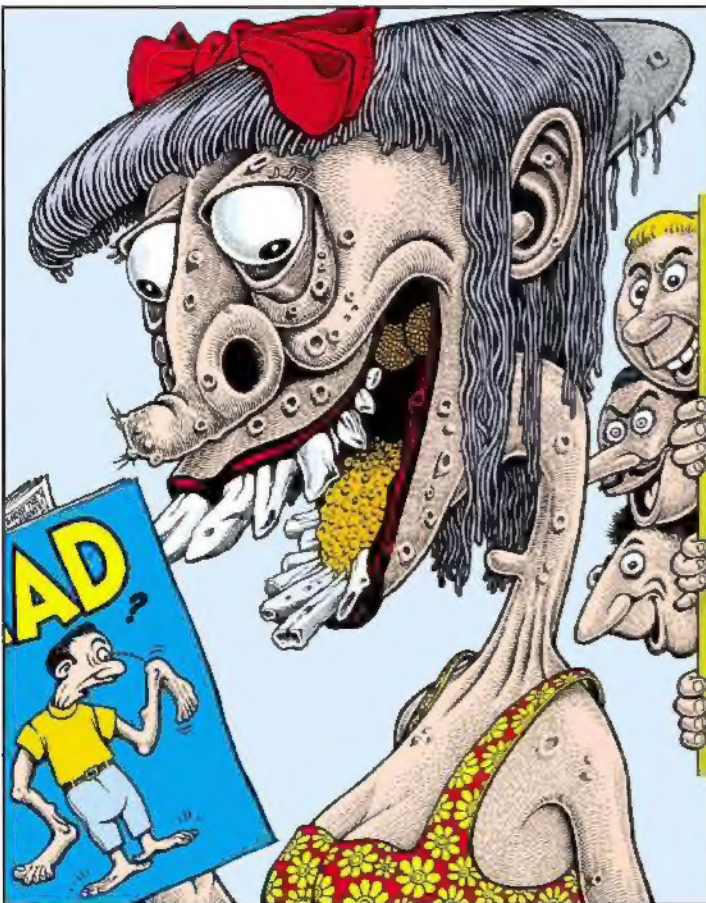
ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGE ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF **MAD**, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ **MAD**!...AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGE, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU SEE... PAUSE A MOMENT! THE FACE YOU'RE RETCHING AT MAY BE YOUR OWN!



THE STUDENT MAD READER (WITH TEACHER): HERE IS THE INTELLECTUAL COLLEGE YOUTH! THIS FELLOW WAS A SERIOUS SCHOLAR, AVERAGE STUDENT... WELL VERSED IN THE CLASSICS WITH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER ASSURED... BEFORE READING MAD! READING MAD HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A RADICAL CHANGE IN THIS STUDENT! TODAY THIS STUDENT IS AN EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT... BUT NEVERTHELESS, A HAPPY EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT!



THE ELDERLY MAD READER: MAD IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE YOUNGER SET! HERE IS AN ELDERLY MAN WHO, BEFORE READING MAD, WAS CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... CONFINED TO A STRICT DIET OF SHREPPED WHEAT... AND CONFINED TO CONDENSED WATER! THEN HE READ MAD!... NOW HE IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE SHREPPED WHEAT... AND NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE CONDENSED WATER!... HE IS MERELY... CONFINED!



THE FEMALE MAD READER:... THIS YOUNG LADY HAD DISH-PAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION DROPS FROM ALL 'ER'S... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE... AND BOY-FRIENDS NEVER DARE TO CALL ON HER!... THEN SHE BROUGHT MAD! NOW... SHE STILL HAS DISH-PAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION DROPS FROM ALL 'ER'S... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE... BUT BOY-FRIENDS FLOCK TO CALL ON HER AND AS SOON AS THEY BLUDGEON HER INSURISABLE AND PREY MAD LOOSE FROM HER YISC-LIKE GRIP... THEY FLOCK AWAY AGAIN!



THE CRITICAL MAD READER:... FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE WHO READ MAD AND DO NOT LIKE MAD! AND SO... IN ALL HONESTY WITH A FIRM BELIEF THAT EVERY ARGUMENT HAS TWO SIDES... IT IS WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND CLEAM LIVING THAT WE PRESENT WITHOUT BIAS, WITHOUT RESENTMENT OR MALICE... AN UNPREJUDICED DRAWING OF SAID TYPE READER WHO... AFTER MUGGING THE ABOVE INFANT, IS BRUTALLY DESTROYING THE CHILD'S TREASURED COPY OF MAD!



In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable...



WRITER SY REIT ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

Chapter 1.



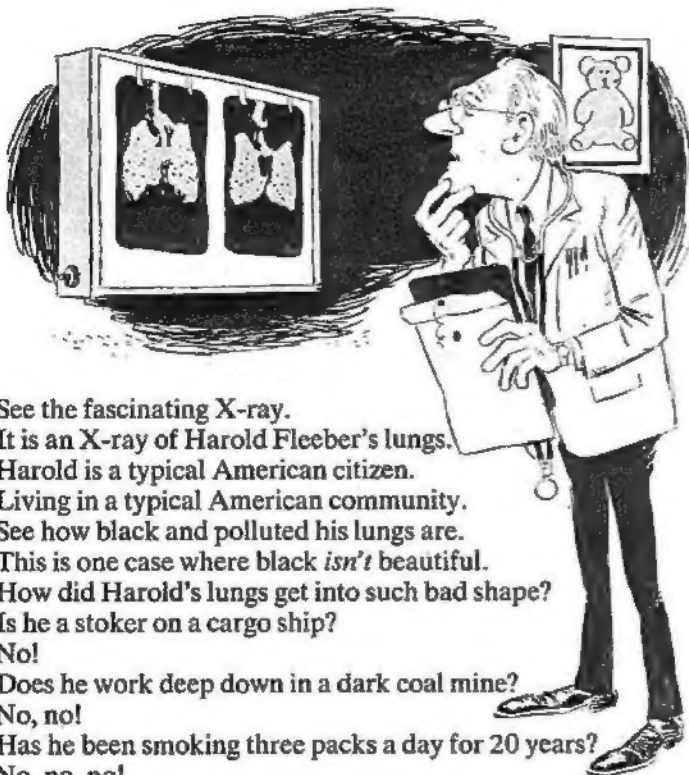
See wretched Lester.
See how sick and shaky he looks.
Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.
He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.
And giving him terrible coughing spells.
And gradually turning his lungs black.
Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.
But he is having a rough time.
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.
And giving up drinking was easy.
And giving up smoking was easy.
But how many people can successfully give up *breathing*?

Chapter 2.



See Phyllis and Ralph.
Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.
See them packing for their next trip.
They are packing with care because it is a very dangerous trip.
See them pack their water purifying pills.
See them pack their oxygen masks.
See them pack their decontamination suits.
See them pack their food radiation detectors.
Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!
Everything, everything, everything.
You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation in a big, modern American city!

Chapter 3.



See the fascinating X-ray.
It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.
Harold is a typical American citizen.
Living in a typical American community.
See how black and polluted his lungs are.
This is one case where black *isn't* beautiful.
How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?
Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?
No!
Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?
No, no!
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?
No, no, no!
To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.
How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

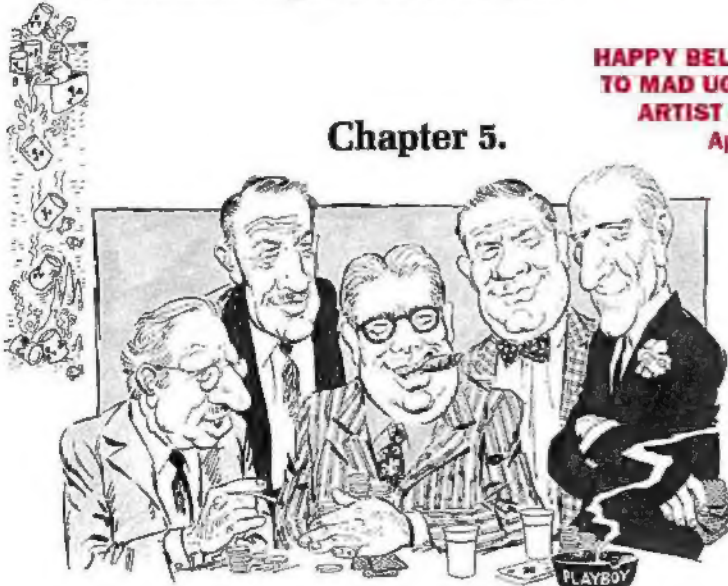
Chapter 4.



See poor Irving.
Poor Irving is getting smashed again.
Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle.
Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.
But it isn't really Irving's fault.
When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.
But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?
A glass full of soap suds.
Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.
So he is forced to guzzle booze instead.
Barf, barf, barf.
Looks like there's more than *one* way to get polluted!

**HAPPY BELATED 90th BIRTHDAY
TO MAD UGOI MASTER PARODY
ARTIST ANGELO TORRES!
April 14, 2022**

Chapter 5.



See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.
These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too
much fuss and bother about pollution.
Fuss, fuss, fuss.
Bother, bother, bother.
They feel that people are needlessly panicky.
They feel that everyone should calm down.
They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious
as everyone says it is.
Who *are* these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?
Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a
paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . .
and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and
Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

Chapter 6.



See the funky little magazine.
It is a brave and fearless publication.
To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.
It will take on Madison Avenue.
It will take on Hollywood.
It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.
It will take on the problem of pollution.
And zap those who are responsible.
Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages
Of the worst kind imaginable
Right in your hot little hands:
Mind pollution!

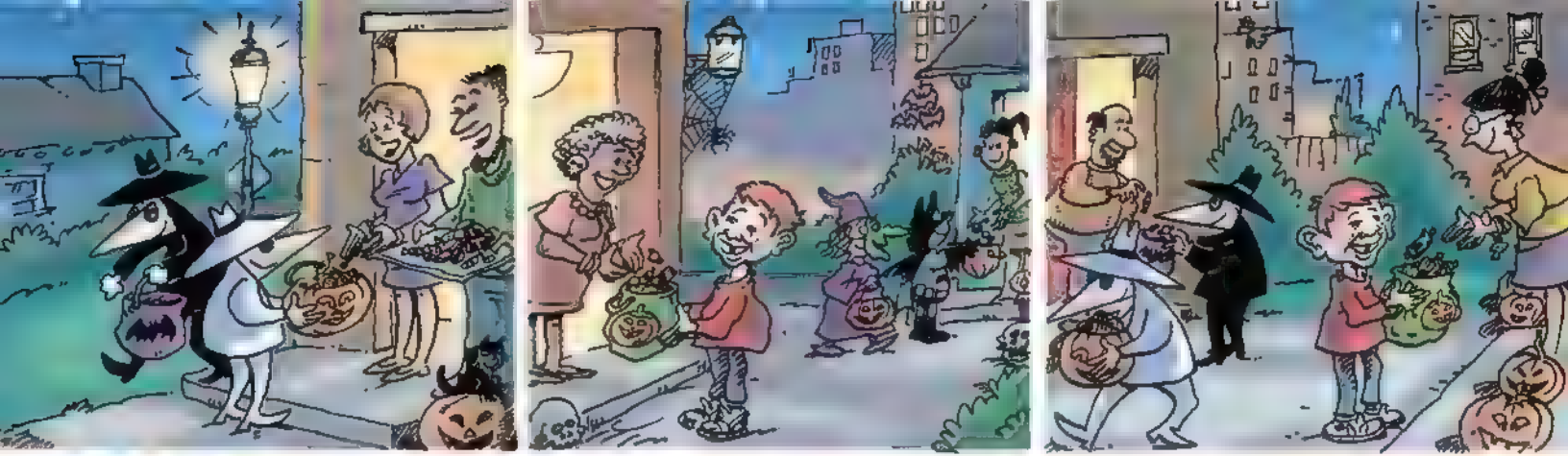
SERGIO ARAGONE'S
PRESENTS

ANOTHER

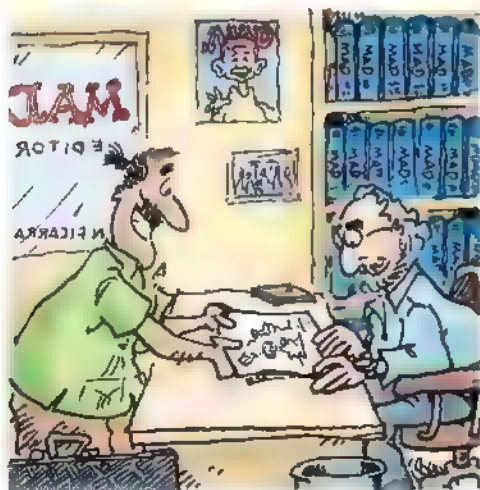
MAD







HAPPY 85th BIRTHDAY TO THE MAESTRO, MAD ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONES! Feliz cumpleaños, amigo!
September 6, 2022

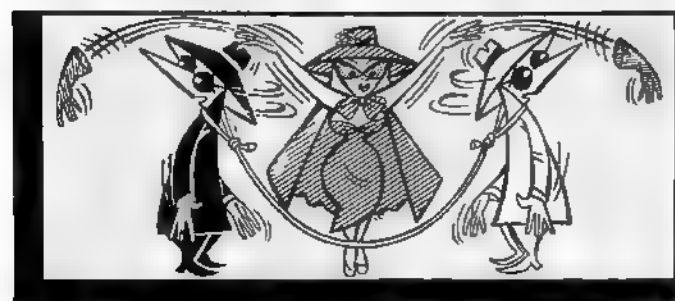
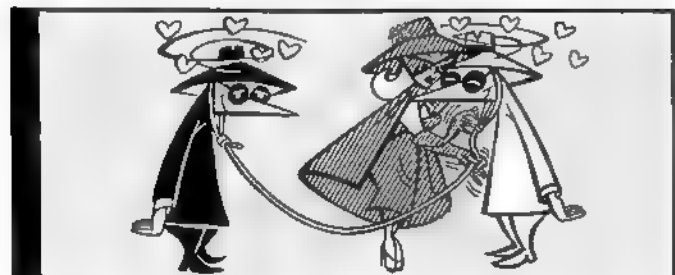




And now, Antonio Prohias introduces a new "twist" to that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white . . . mainly, a woman in gray!



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #73, SEP 1962



Attention, all you schlock publishers who have never had an original idea in your lives! With MAD's circulation now over the one million mark, now is the time to hop on the old gravy train! So take Abe Lincoln's advice: "You can fool some of the people some of the time . . ." and try to fool them! Put out an imitation of MAD! Cash in on MAD's six years of hard work building a reputation in the humor and satire field! To help you, so you won't have to do any thinking, and thereby upset the usual pattern of your careers, take your mind off your secretary and study this special article which mainly tells you . . .

WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTISTS WILL ELDER & JACK DAVIS

TITLE

First, you'll need a name for your imitation. It should be a short name that sounds funny and looks funny. It should give the idea that you're putting out a crazy off-beat satire magazine. Like, for instance the name "MAD." Only don't use "MAD" because we can sue the pants off you! To help you pick a name that's close to or means "MAD," here is a section from our copy of Roget's Thesaurus. You probably don't have a copy, so we've saved you the expense of going out and buying one. Note all the wonderful synonyms for "MAD" you can choose from.

503. Mad

(See 502. Sanity; also 842. Wit)

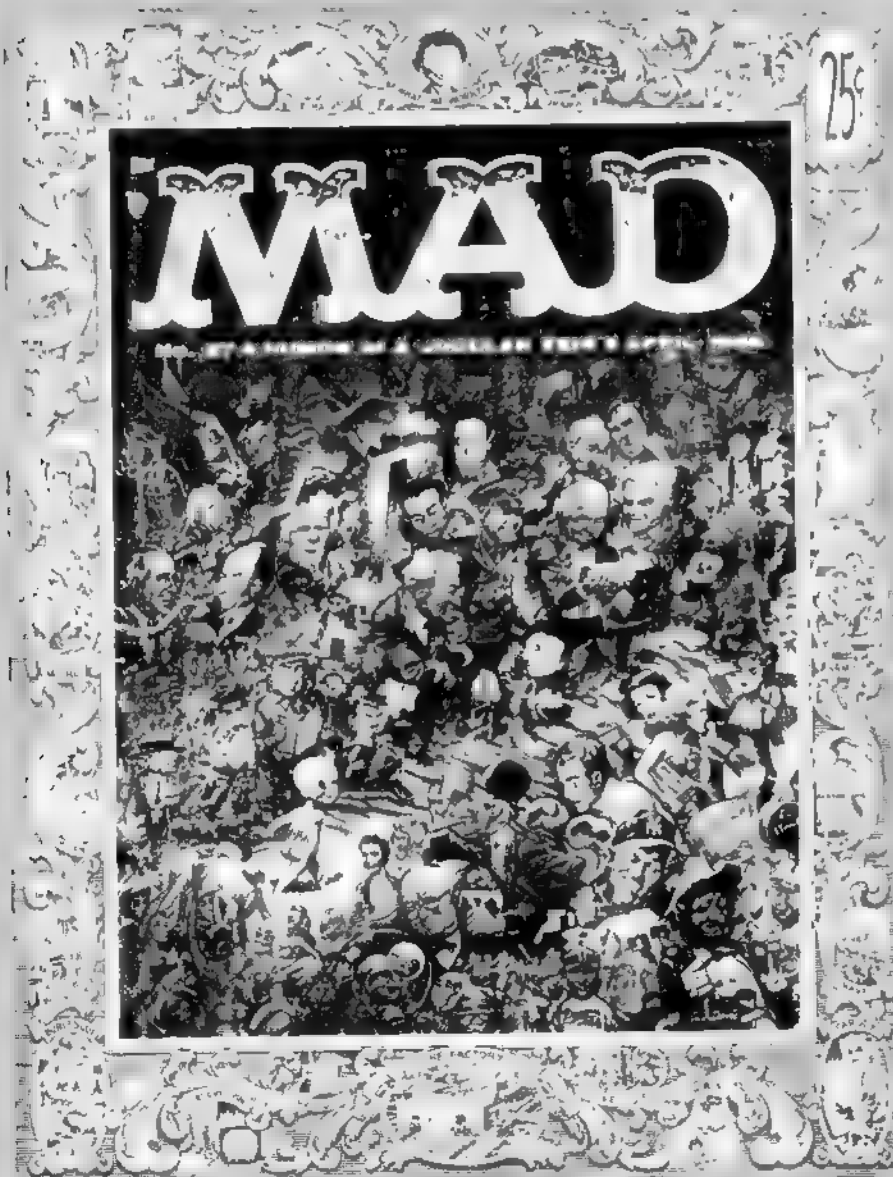
1. *adj.* mad, senseless, crazy, cracked, stupid, nuts, idiotic, frenzy, loco, batty, goofy, humbug [Briticism], wacky, thimk, [coll.], daffy, loony, panic [dial.], screwy, psychopathic, trump [arch.], wild, life, look, colliers etc. (mentally deficient) 499.13

COVER

Second, design a cover for your imitation that looks like MAD. Here is an old MAD cover to copy. Note the border. Note the confusion. Note that our covers don't even look like this anymore! But then, you can't tell what we'll do next, so stick to the good old tried and proven formula!

TRADE MARK

It is important in imitating MAD that you adopt a mascot or trademark to represent the theme of your magazine. Like we use Alfred E. Neuman, the "What-Me-Worry?" kid (below). You could use like a plasterer, or a cat that drinks whiskey, or a guy who swallows his nose, or a crutch . . . you know, really funny things like that.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #41, SEP 1958



Next, design an index page. On second thought, don't design an index page. Copy MAD's index page exactly. After all, you're trying to fool people. This might give them the impression that your imitation is another magazine put out by the same gang that puts out MAD. This might give them the impression that we have no trouble at all just putting out MAD and keeping its quality high. This might give them the impression that we're greedy and mercenary. This might give them the impression we're like you!

Include an impressive list of your staff here. If your staff isn't very impressive, make up list of phony names!




VITAL FEATURES

THE MAO PRIMER

MAD solves problem of why anyone can read with a new jump which creates problem of why Johnny Rotten disobeys

16

AIDE-DE-CAMP DEPARTMENT	Overseas Mail Assisted by Camp Counselors	3
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<p>SNOW APPEAL VS. SLOBS APPEAL</p> <p>Maybe there's less of a separation if Mad, Ave. appealed to slobb instead of snobs in their ads, so there are lots more of us.</p>	<p>20</p> 
<p>THE NEW BOTTEN CIRCUS</p> <p>Henry Aaronson, meaning how much the old circus has changed, while the tent is in an attempt to meat out instead of in</p>	<p>24</p> 
<p>HOW TO PLAY GOLF</p> <p>Ben Hogan is responsible for that awful pose on how to play golf. We played with him, but he just refused to write it.</p>	<p>28</p> 
<p>THE WRONG LIONS</p> <p>The familiar saying that the lion was better than the picture is proven correct by the article which is worse than both.</p>	<p>34</p> 
<p>BOATING</p> <p>With millions of boating fans hitting the water on this rise spreads MAD pulls out all the stops, and sinks along with them.</p>	<p>37</p> 

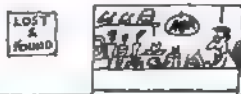
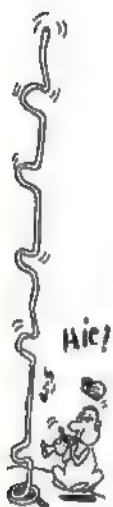
Include a small section of art taken from each article. Better still, include a small section of art taken from MAD.

Math. Semester-Grades, 1946, Vol. 1, No. 2 is published bi-monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 125 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Subscription, 5 dollars for \$2.00 in the U.S. Elementary \$2.50. Review materials published 1943 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for damaged manuscripts and request all our subscribers to acknowledge by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of subscribers are on all back pages and contributors are mentioned. A mailing address change should be advised. *Mathematics* is a continuous. Printed by Walter Dyer of America.

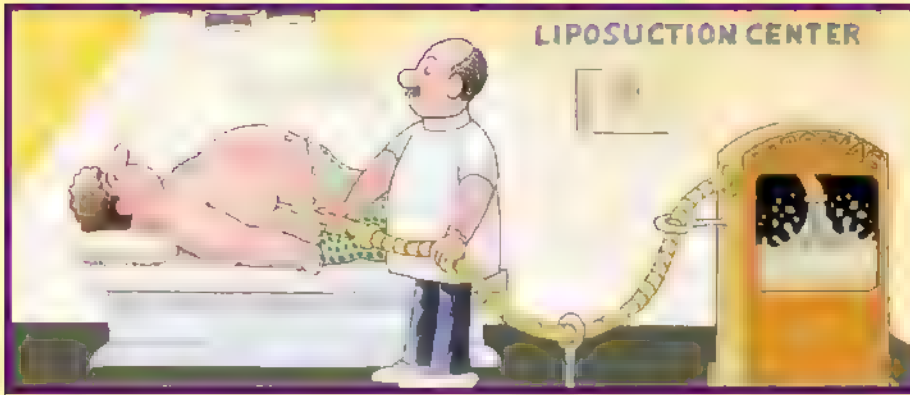
If you want your imitation to look like **MAD**, you have to have marginals, even if they don't make any sense! ..

It's crackers to slip ■ rozzar the dropsy in snide...

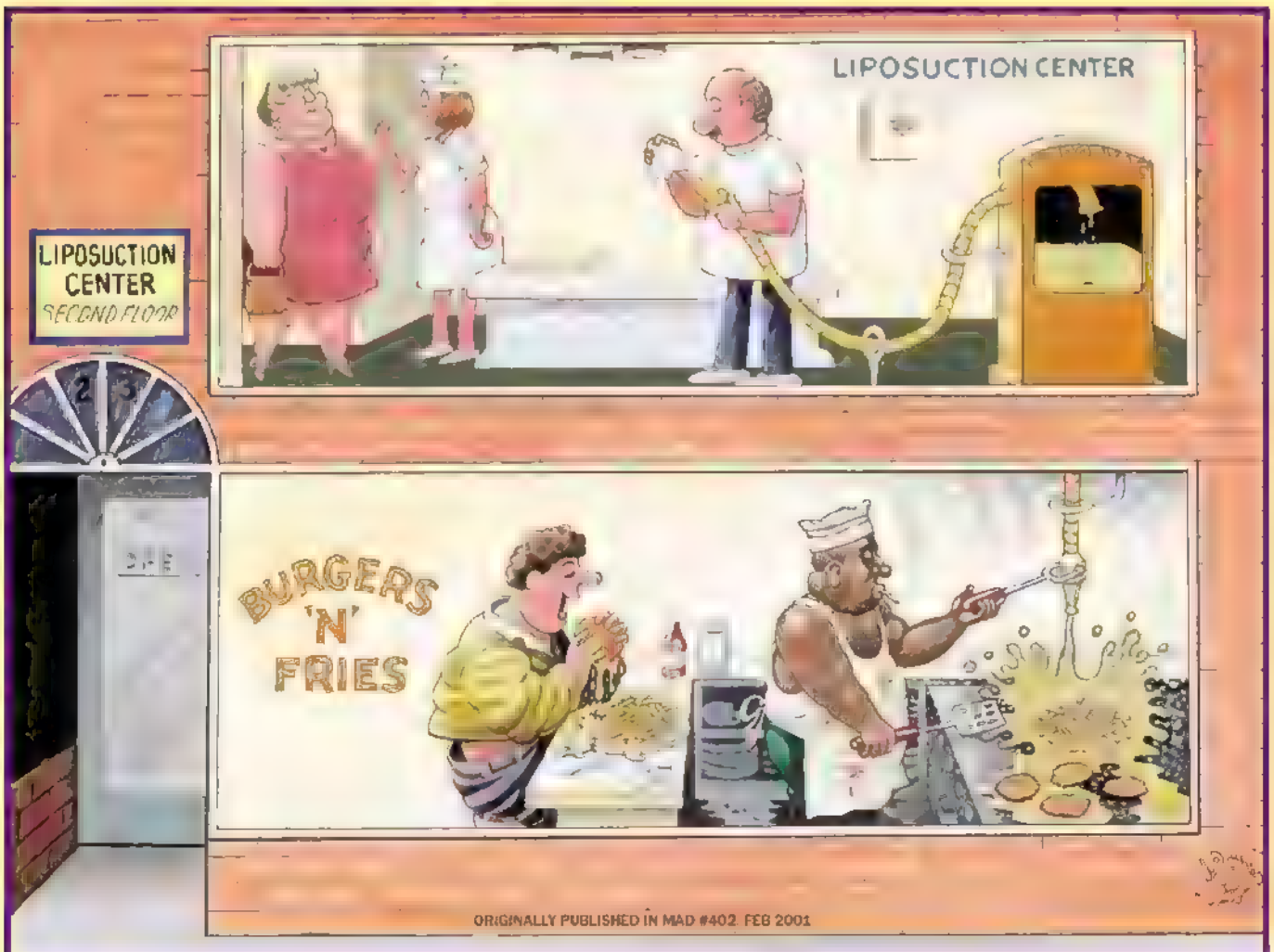
BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



ONE FINE DAY ON MAIN STREET



WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #402 FEB 2001

Think of "The Batman" as a mood piece. A gloomy mood piece. A long, long gloomy mood piece. And did we mention that it's raining for almost half the movie? That's three hours of a slow, moody, moist, rainy mood piece. If you sit through it all the way to the end, you'll have the same reaction that everybody has:

"Man, I really gotta go to..."

BATMAN

Ah, beautiful Gotham City! Grayer than the inside of a bus depot ashtray!

I was born in this city, and I'll die in this city. Probably in the next five minutes!

I'm Thatwoman. Also the only woman! If it weren't for me, this prick flick would be even more of a musky sausage fest of sadness than it already is. "Saving Private Ryan" invading "The Social Network" would be more welcoming to women's roles! Too bad I don't have multiple personalities! If I could talk to myself, then this movie would pass the Bechdel Test!

That's an unfair attack. I keep intense diaries, it's all about my hair, I mumble all the time, I sneak out nights, and I wear WAY too much eye makeup. They'll never guess my true secret identity... because I'm a 15-year-old girl!

This guy's superhero movie is wetter than mine!

Not Yet Commissioner Jim Gorgonzola, and these are some of my actual lines of dialogue. "Does this mean anything to you?" and "What are you saying?" and "How do you know?" and "What the hell does that mean?" Some cops deliver justice, I provide set-up filler! The rest of the department won't allow a Bat-Signal to go on their roof. But I'm getting used to schlepping it around.

If elected Mayor, I promise to lower the cost of our city's annual electric bill, from 9 dollars to 6 dollars!



THE ROOM

To get the true flavor of how I communicate throughout this adventure, I'm going to speak the rest of this balloon using my movie voice.

No, it's not your hearing. It's just me.

All of you out there know that Battyman is millionaire playboy **Bruised Whine**. In this one, he's millionaire sadboi! Other than dusting the stalactites, my job is worrying about his mental health. I told him he should buy some Xanax. He orchestrated a \$72 billion leveraged takeover of Pfizer.

Carmine Snowcone, head of the Five Families. Eight, maybe nine families, if you count my illegitimate children!

The only things I haven't stolen outright are "Taxi Driver" and "Se7en." This movie stole them first! Nevertheless, I take \$400 million a year, and I don't pay a cent to the IRS. I get a huge tax break by declaring the entire police force as dependents!

I'm proud to say that we're the only major U.S. city with no racial problems. That's because it's too dark to discern anyone's race!

I hate Battyman. I hate the way he beats up suspects whenever he feels like it and violates their civil rights! That's our job!

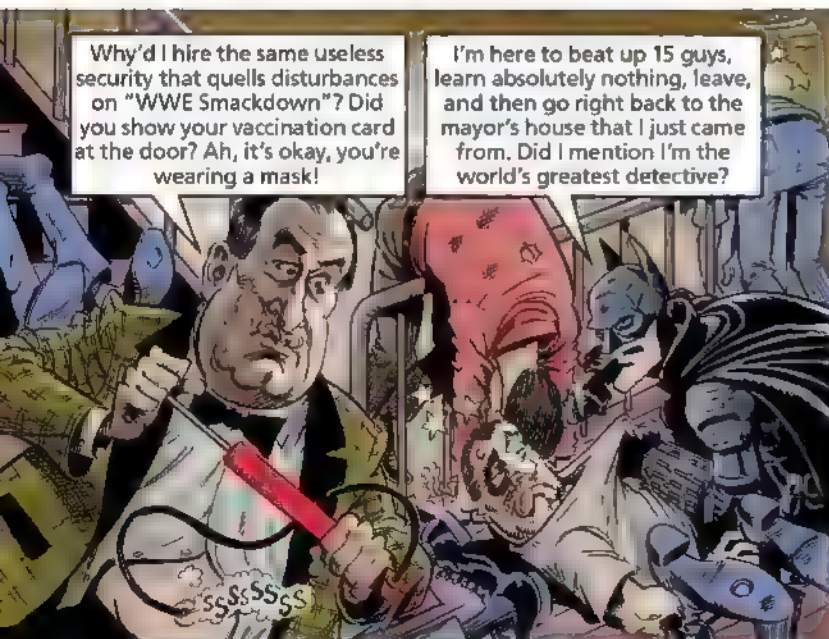
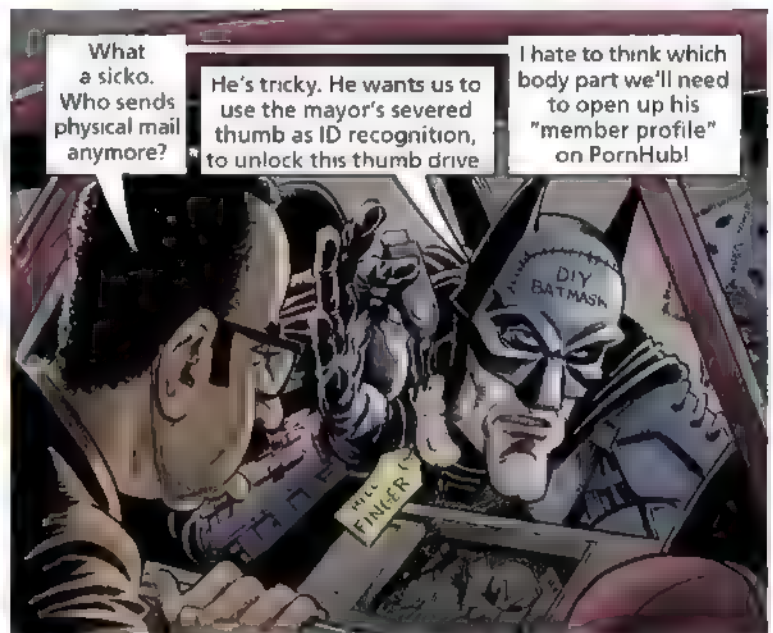


Some call me the Pelican. Others call me Oz. Not because I'm a lovable old wizard, but because I look like his hot air balloon! I AM this town's seedy underbelly! Every day, I blackmail officials, launder money, sell drugs, and traffic sex workers. I'm also the first Pelican who doesn't smoke. After all, kids are watching this and I don't want to set a bad example!

Why are these MAD introductions like a switchboard operator, a milkman, and a bowling pin setter? Answer: They're all ex-position! I'm the diabolical Diddler, crusader against rampant corruption. The politicians, the cops, the lawyers, all of them need to get eaten alive inside one of my special rat traps. After that, we'll have to do something about the 10,000 overweight rats!

I want to play a game. And it's called "suing the Diddler for blatant copyright infringement"!
 Retarded

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. I have become a nocturnal animal. Like a wombat. A hedgehog. Or a woolly lemur. Criminals have no greater fear than the woolly lemur. I am vengeance. I am the shadows. I am Groot. Fear is a tool, and so am I.





Every city bigwig in this underground club is a corrupt druggy pervert. The District Attorney. State Senators. And that's the Archbishop, snorting myrrh off a hooker's ass!

Making Thatwoman dress up like a floozy, jam high-tech spycams into her eyeballs, and risk her life secretly taping deviant horn dogs is super creepy. But it's also my healthiest emotional relationship ever! Baby steps.



I've killed the Mayor and the Police Chief! The District Attorney will join his fellow rats, unless you solve my riddle!

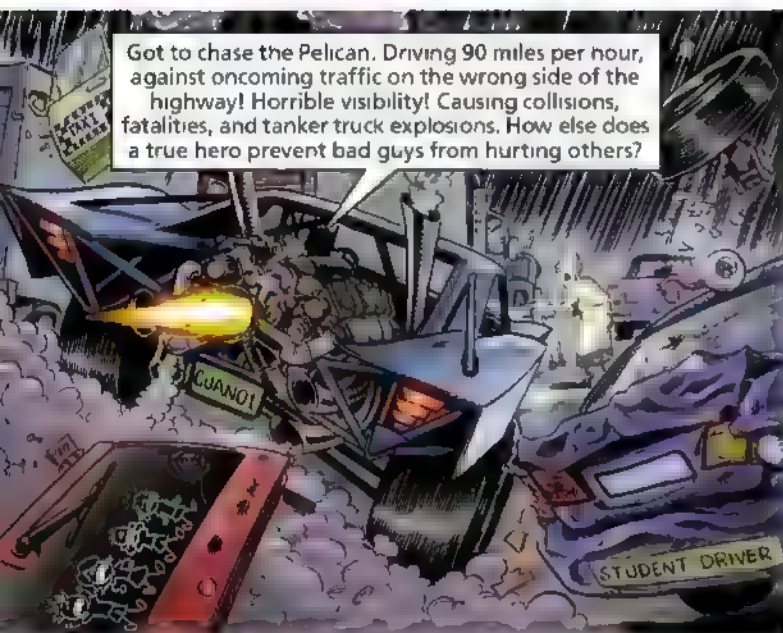
Possums are mammals. Their tails are prehensile. Why are my rap rhymes like a broken pencil?

They're both pointless!

It's finally true! Some days, you just can't get rid of a bomb!

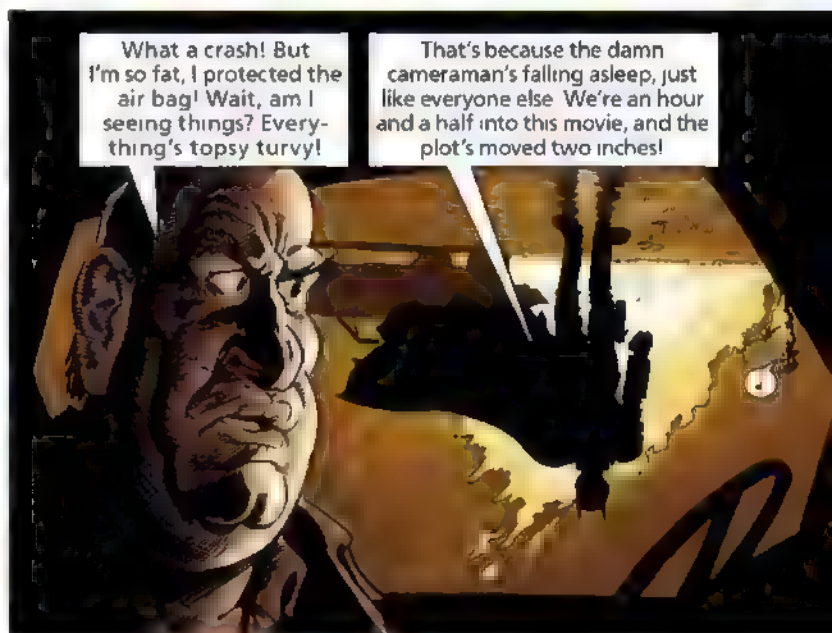


Gotta chase the Pelican. Driving 90 miles per hour, against oncoming traffic on the wrong side of the highway! Horrible visibility! Causing collisions, fatalities, and tanker truck explosions. How else does a true hero prevent bad guys from hurting others?



What a crash! But I'm so fat, I protected the air bag! Wait, am I seeing things? Everything's topsy turvy!

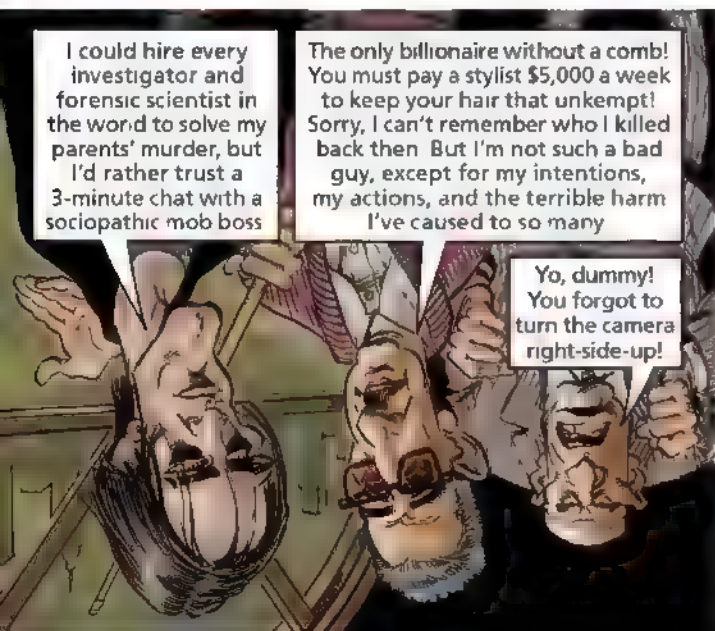
That's because the damn cameraman's falling asleep, just like everyone else. We're an hour and a half into this movie, and the plot's moved two inches!



I could hire every investigator and forensic scientist in the world to solve my parents' murder, but I'd rather trust a 3-minute chat with a sociopathic mob boss.

The only billionaire without a comb! You must pay a stylist \$5,000 a week to keep your hair that unkempt! Sorry, I can't remember who I killed back then. But I'm not such a bad guy, except for my intentions, my actions, and the terrible harm I've caused to so many.

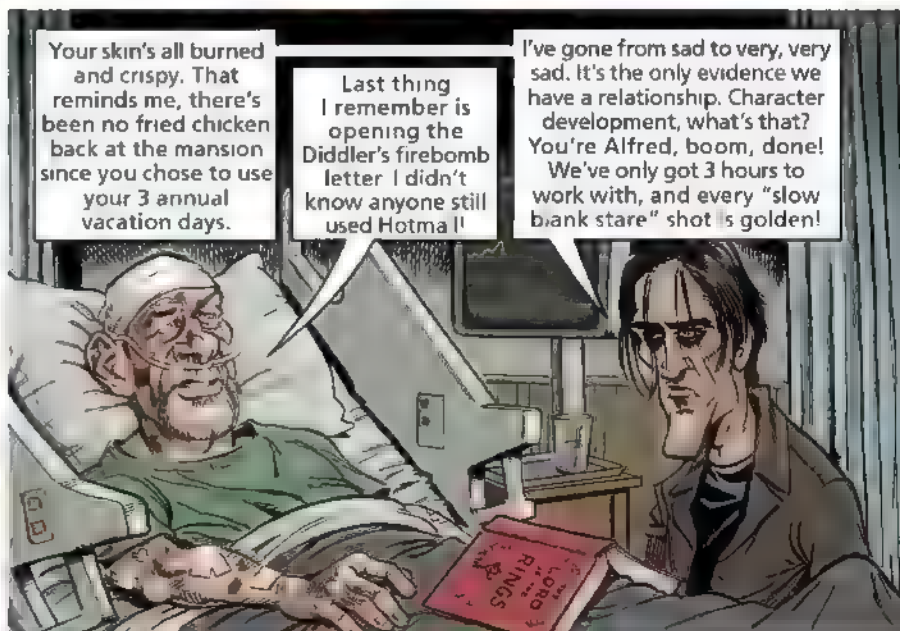
Yo, dummy! You forgot to turn the camera right-side-up!

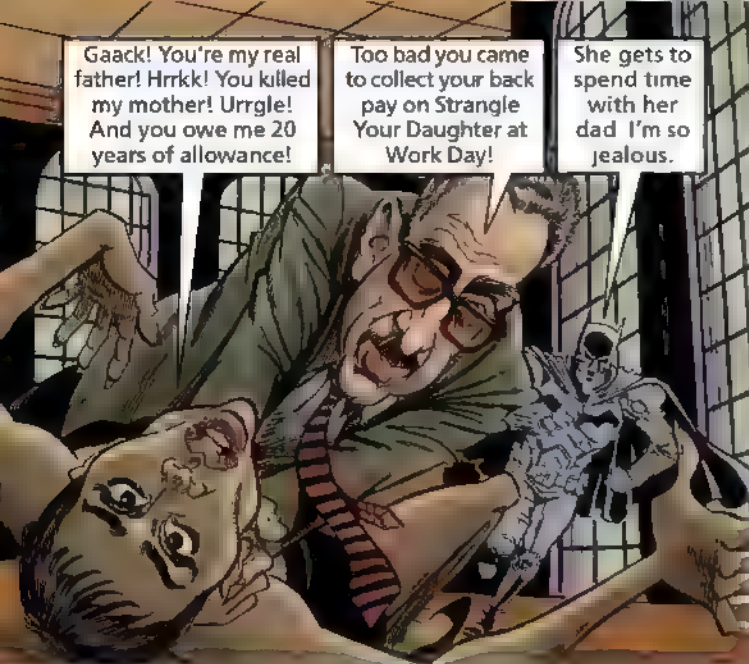


Your skin's all burned and crispy. That reminds me, there's been no fried chicken back at the mansion since you chose to use your 3 annual vacation days.

Last thing I remember is opening the Diddler's firebomb letter. I didn't know anyone still used Hotmail!

I've gone from sad to very, very sad. It's the only evidence we have a relationship. Character development, what's that? You're Alfred, boom, done! We've only got 3 hours to work with, and every "slow blank stare" shot is golden!





Gaack! You're my real father! Hrrkk! You killed my mother! Urrgle! And you owe me 20 years of allowance!

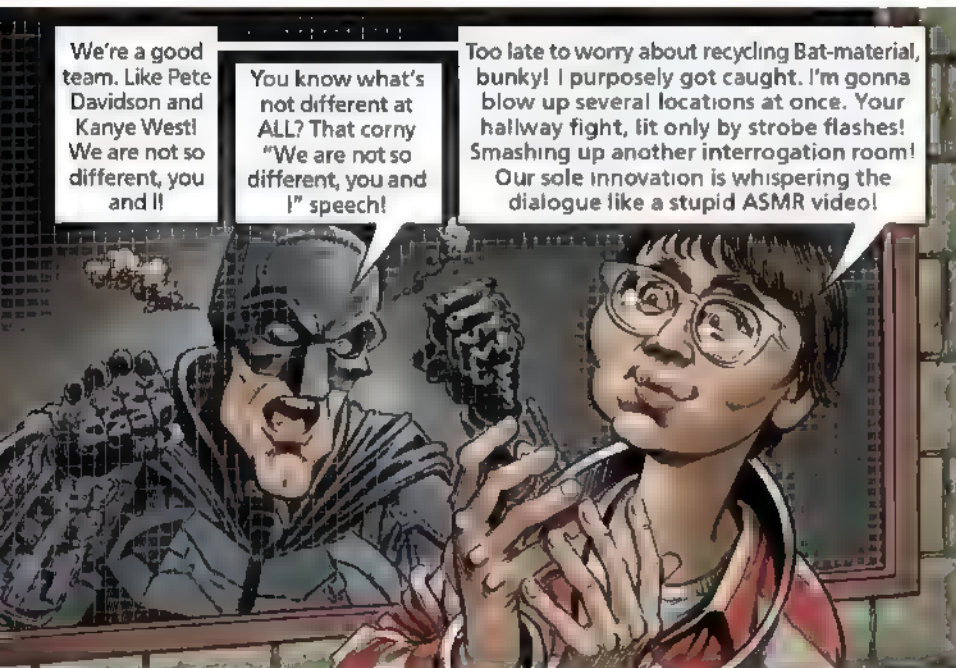
Too bad you came to collect your back pay on Strangle Your Daughter at Work Day!

She gets to spend time with her dad I'm so jealous.



Diddler, you're under arrest— Yikes! Never thought I'd say this, but please put your army surplus Pulp Fiction Gimp fetish mask back ON!

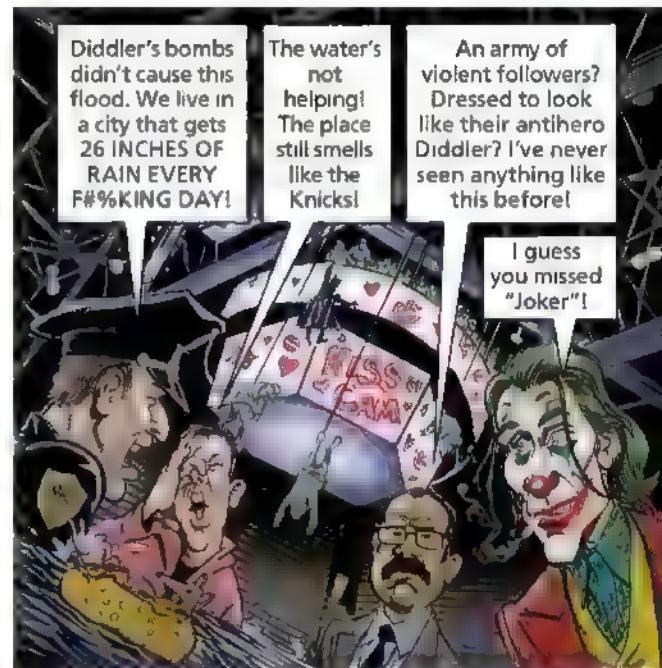
Dilldoor? I have an ointment-glazed oatmilk macchiato venti for Dilldoor!



We're a good team. Like Pete Davidson and Kanye West! We are not so different, you and I!

You know what's not different at ALL? That corny "We are not so different, you and I" speech!

Too late to worry about recycling Bat-material, bunky! I purposely got caught. I'm gonna blow up several locations at once. Your hallway fight, lit only by strobe flashes! Smashing up another interrogation room! Our sole innovation is whispering the dialogue like a stupid ASMR video!

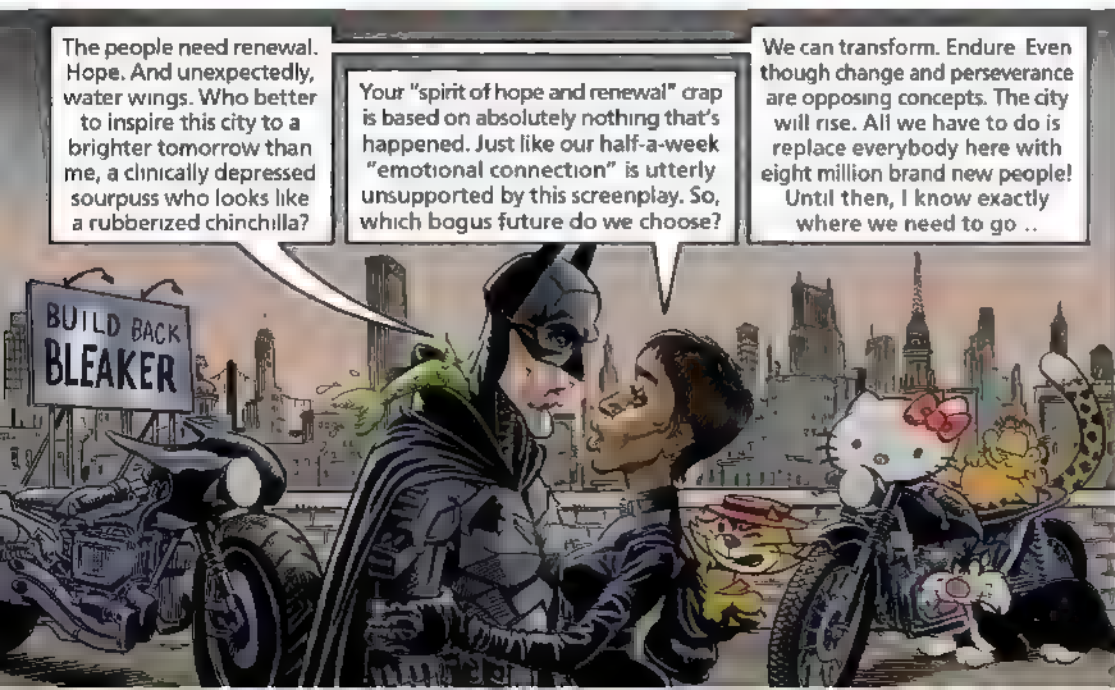


Diddler's bombs didn't cause this flood. We live in a city that gets 26 INCHES OF RAIN EVERY F#%KING DAY!

The water's not helping! The place still smells like the Knicks!

An army of violent followers? Dressed to look like their antihero Diddler? I've never seen anything like this before!

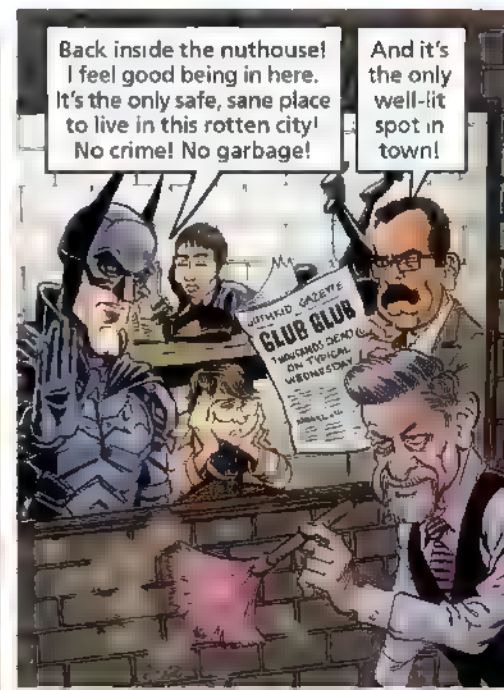
I guess you missed "Joker"!



The people need renewal. Hope. And unexpectedly, water wings. Who better to inspire this city to a brighter tomorrow than me, a clinically depressed soupuss who looks like a rubberized chinchilla?

Your "spirit of hope and renewal" crap is based on absolutely nothing that's happened. Just like our half-a-week "emotional connection" is utterly unsupported by this screenplay. So, which bogus future do we choose?

We can transform. Endure. Even though change and perseverance are opposing concepts. The city will rise. All we have to do is replace everybody here with eight million brand new people! Until then, I know exactly where we need to go ..



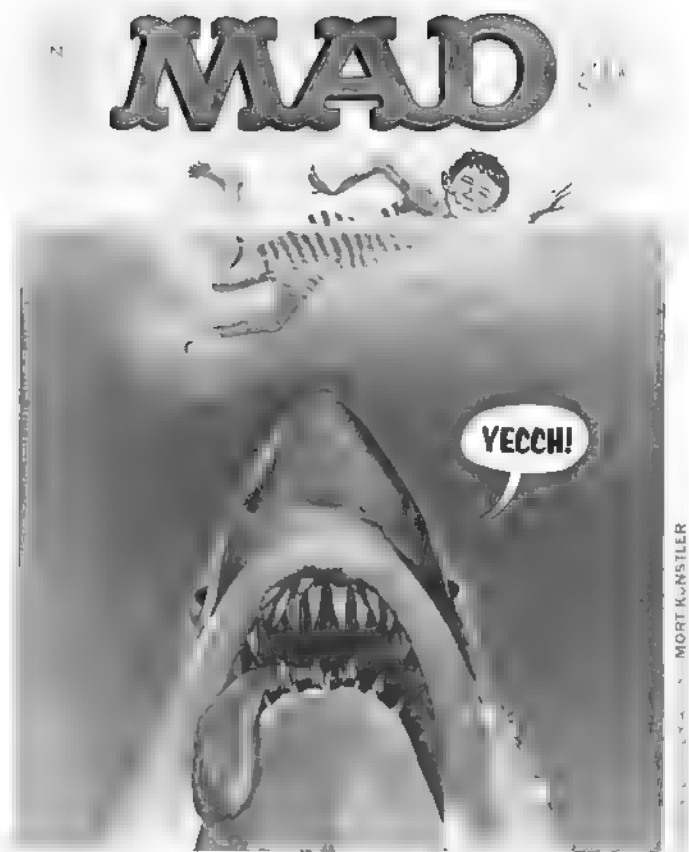
Back inside the nuthouse! I feel good being in here. It's the only safe, sane place to live in this rotten city! No crime! No garbage!

And it's the only well-lit spot in town!

PRESENTING THE ORIGINAL **MAD** COVER



AND ONE **MAD** MOMENT LATER!



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST JACK RICKARD

THE ORIGINAL

No.
172
Jan.
'75
\$1.00

MAD

OUR PRICE
50c
ALMOST
CHEAP



NORMAN MINGO

COVER...

THE ORIGINAL

No.
175
June
'76
\$1.10

MAD

OUR PRICE
50c
CHEAP



NORMAN MINGO

COVER...

...AND ONE

No.
172
Jan.
'75
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MAD

OUR PRICE
50c
ALMOST
CHEAP



MOMENT LATER!

...AND ONE

No.
175
June
'76
\$1.10

MAD

OUR PRICE
50c
CHEAP



MOMENT LATER!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD MAD #190, APR 1977 MAD #191 JUN 1977

THE ORIGINAL

No.
183
June
'76

MAD

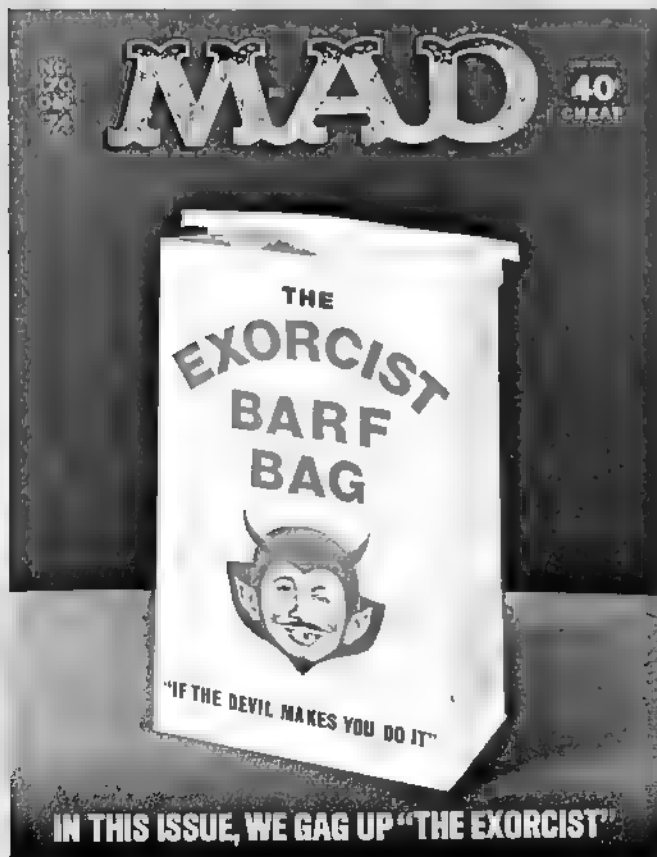
50c
CHEAP

PIZZA



COVER...

THE ORIGINAL



COVER...

...AND ONE

No.
183
June
76

MAD

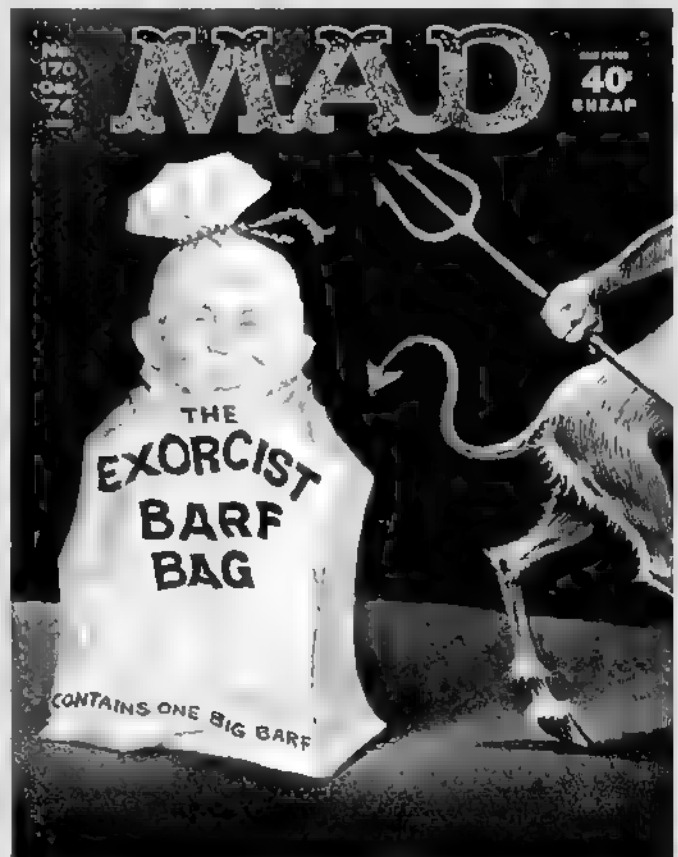
50c
CHEAP

PIZZA



MOMENT LATER!

...AND ONE



MOMENT LATER!



SHIP HAPPENS DEPT.

In 1961, MAD founder and publisher Bill Gaines began taking the magazine's staff and freelance contributors on trips around the world. The first was to Haiti, but more extravagant trips followed, including ones to Africa, Bora Bora, and Japan. Many funny, classic moments occurred on these adventures (not an unexpected turn of events when you gather together "The Usual Gang of Idiots"). But one trip stands out not only for its many funny moments, but for perhaps the greatest practical joke ever pulled on Gaines.

HIJINKS ON THE HIGH SEAS!

A TRUE MAD TALE ABOARD A CRUISE TO BERMUDA

We set sail out of Brooklyn, New York, on the Celebrity Cruises ship *Horizon*

The date was Saturday, September 7, 1991.

There were 24 MAD contributors plus some wives and significant others, for a total of 44.

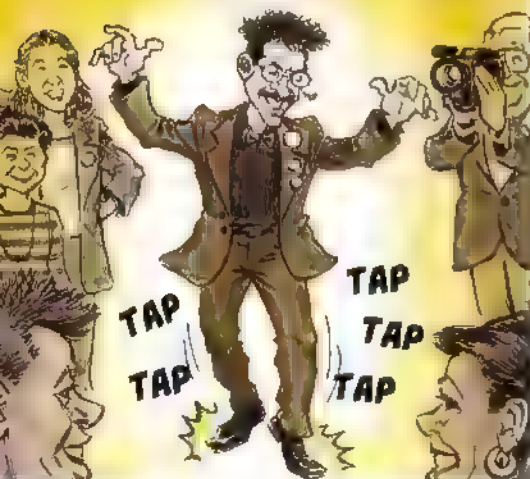
Some people have likened this MAD cruise to the Titanic...

Others say it was much worse!

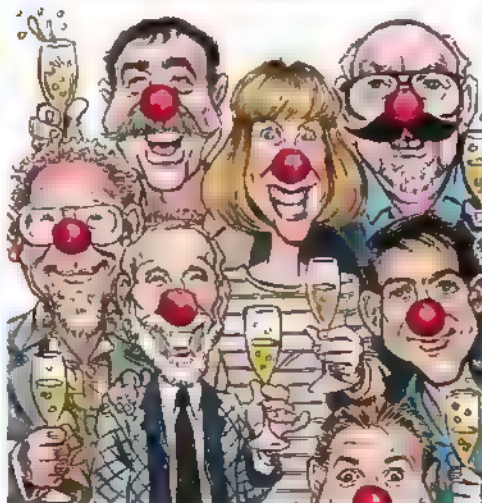


WRITER JOHN FICARRA ARTIST SAM VIVIANO

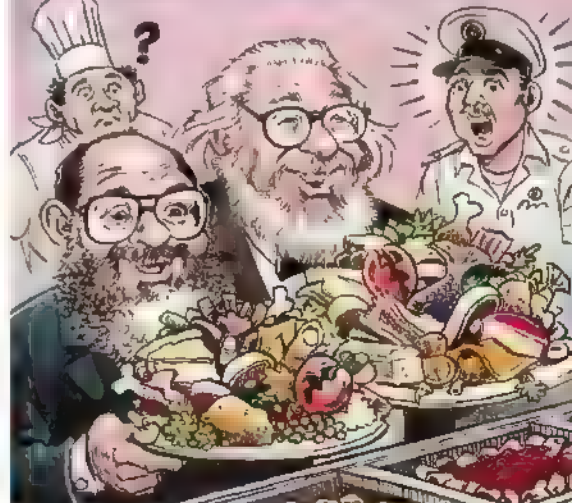
THE CRUISE GOT OFF TO AN AWKWARD START WHEN ARTIST RICK TULKA BEGAN AN IMPROMPTU TAP-DANCING PERFORMANCE--WHICH CAUSED THE CREW TO BEGIN AN IMPROMPTU DISCUSSION OF REINSTATING THE SHIP'S "WALK THE PLANK" POLICY.



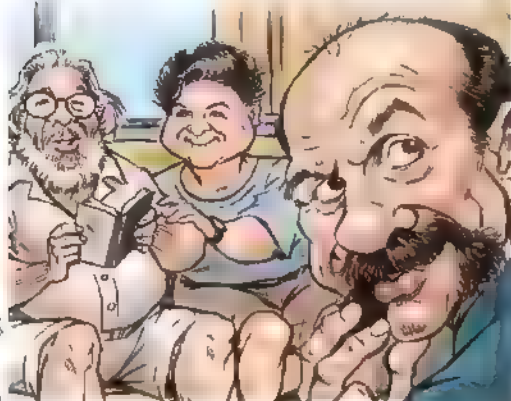
PAUL COKER'S WIFE, ROSEMARY, BROUGHT ALONG BRIGHT RED FOAM CLOWN NOSES FOR EVERYONE TO WEAR. (THE MAD STAFF HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS HIGH-BROW, SOPHISTICATED HUMOR.)



IT IS RUMORED THAT THE CAPTAIN TOOK ONE LOOK AT GAINES AND ART DIRECTOR LENNY BRENNER BOARDING THE SHIP AND IMMEDIATELY ORDERED THE CHEF TO DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF FOOD PREPARED FOR THE EVENING BUFFETS.



IT WAS EARLY ON IN THE CRUISE THAT WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO CAME UP WITH TWO GREAT IDEAS. THE FIRST WAS TO DOUBLE HIS INTAKE OF SEASICKNESS MEDS. THE SECOND WAS A GREAT PRACTICAL JOKE TO PLAY ON GAINES.



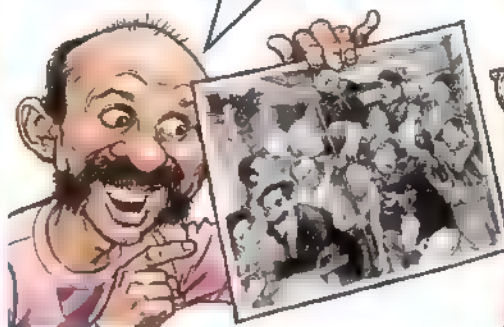
DICK IMMEDIATELY BEGAN SHARING HIS IDEA WITH OTHER MAD STAFFERS...

Gaines is a huge Marx Brothers fan. Why don't we re-create the famous stateroom scene from *A Night at the Opera* in his cabin? Just like in the movie, we'll have MAD staffers arrive two at a time until his room is jam-packed with people?

I dunno. Seems like a lot of work!

I was planning on going to the pool that day.

Can't we talk about this at the buffet? I'm starving!



DEBARTOLO ALSO SOUGHT THE HELP OF THE SHIP'S CREW AND EVEN PERFECT STRANGERS FOR HIS PRANK.

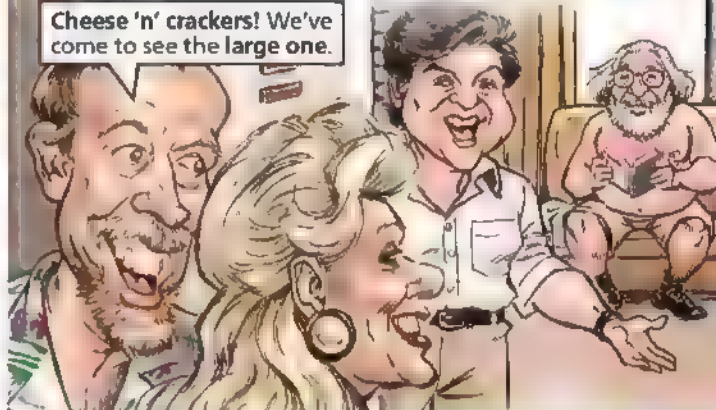
...So we'll need someone from house-keeping with a running vacuum cleaner and another delivering a huge stack of towels, as many mechanics with tools as you can spare, and someone from the kitchen delivering three hard-boiled eggs.

It will probably cost me my job, but why not? What time would you like them to arrive?



ON THE APPOINTED DAY, THE MAD GROUP AND SHIP PERSONNEL GATHERED OUTSIDE GAINES' CABIN. DEBARTOLO DISPATCHED THEM, TWO AT A TIME, TO "DROP IN" ON GAINES. FIRST IN WERE ARTIST DUCK EDWING AND HIS WIFE, CLAIRE, (WHOM EDWING INSISTED ON CALLING "CLUCK").

Cheese 'n' crackers! We've come to see the large one.

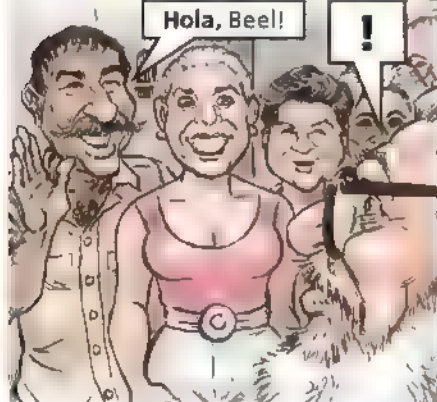


EVERY THIRTY SECONDS OR SO, DEBARTOLO DISPATCHED MORE "GUESTS" TO DESCEND UPON GAINES' STATEROOM:

SERGIO AND CHARLENE ARAGONÉS...

Hola, Beel!

!



...AL AND JOYCE JAFFEE...

Good lord, I feel as if I'm entering a New York City subway during rush hour!

?



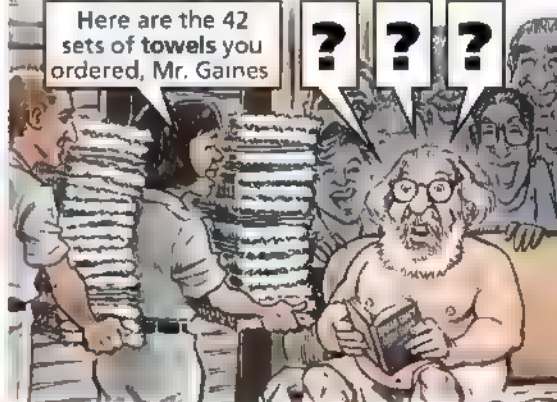
...SOME CREW MEMBERS FROM HOUSEKEEPING...

Here are the 42 sets of towels you ordered, Mr. Gaines

?

?

?



A LONG LINE STRETCHED DOWN THE SHIP'S HALLWAY, THOUGH NOWHERE NEAR AS LONG AS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S LINE FOR THE SHIP'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SHRIMP BUFFET.



INSIDE GAINES'S ROOM, JUST LIKE IN THE MARX BROTHERS MOVIE, BEDLAM ENSUED. THROUGH IT ALL, GAINES JUST SAT THERE IN HIS UNDERWEAR WILDLY AMUSED, CACKLING.

HA HA HA HA HA!

Has anyone seen Prete?

I think Gaines is sitting on him!

Room service!

I heard the Iceman cometh, but this is ridiculous!

Who ordered the eggs?

I'm your biggest fan! Can I sit on your lap?

This makes me homesick for riding a New York City subway during rush hour!

I don't know which is more frightening the fact that I've lost all feeling in my leg or the sight of Gaines in his underwear!

If I don't survive this, I'd like to be buried at sea!

Bill, would you like to tell us about the next trip?

How about a rousing rendition of "F@#\$%You, Bill"?

LATER THAT NIGHT...

Dick, this is Bill. That was the best practical joke anyone ever played on me. Thanks, honey!

I'm glad you enjoyed it. Can I have a raise?

No!

CLICK!

I just thought of a great MAD article—"You Know You're About to be Crushed to Death When..."

Passports!

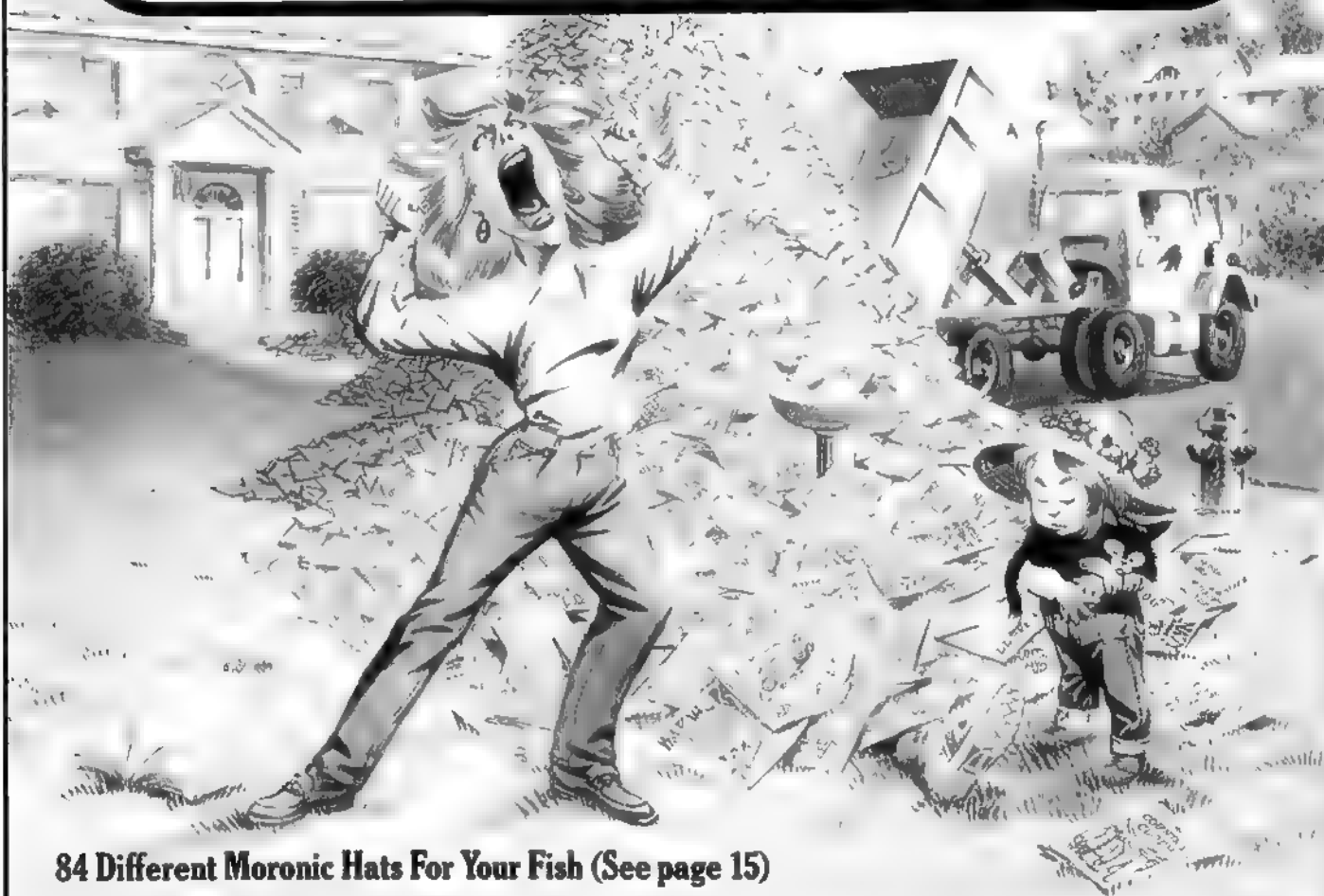
ECONO-VAC

THE MAD



Mail-order shopping has become a 314 billion dollar a year business (we haven't actually researched that, but it's an amount we think sounds good!) Since that figure represents only a small percentage of what we annually lose on MAD subscriptions, we thought it wise to dip our biscuit in this cash bonanza gravy! So here now is the première edition of...

MAD'S AVALANCHE O' CATALOGS



84 Different Moronic Hats For Your Fish (See page 15)

New! Catalog of Far East Products with

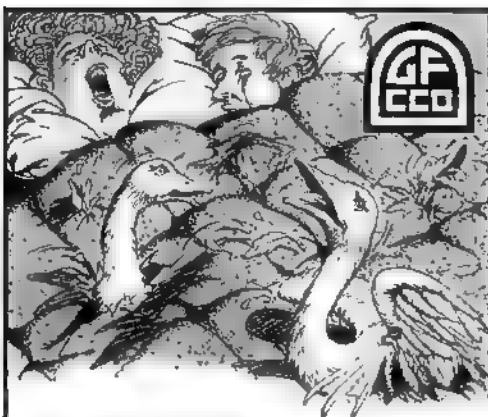
"Made in USA" Labels Pasted on Them, page 97

Flammable Cookware From

Ye Old Dead Farmer, page 200

LAST CHANCE!

To order
from this
catalog
before we
send you
another one!



THE GOOSE-FILLED COMFORTER CO.

This unique catalog features the latest in bed linens—100% cotton oversize comforters stuffed with LIVE geese! Much warmer than goose feathers alone! As long as the geese sleep, you will too! Kids love 'em—so do cats! Full selection of throw pillows stuffed with living crows also available. Catalog \$18.

Circle No. 826

VICTORIA'S REALLY REALLY SECRET



VICTORIA'S REALLY REALLY SECRET

Lingene, lacy nightgowns and other racy fashions too risqué for even Victoria to show! That's why every embarrassed model in this 112-page catalog is pictured hiding behind sofas, under box springs or inside clothing hampers! Special men's underwear section shows male models hiding in ditches and behind cactus. Catalog \$32. Circle No. 245

RIPOFFS 'R' US



RIPOFFS 'R' US

Hard-to-find stolen goods at discount prices! Pages and pages of illegally obtained audio equipment, computers, fine jewelry, even cars! Odds are this burglar's den of merchandise was once YOUR merchandise, so you know they have the models and styles you're looking for! Fully illustrated catalog \$16. Circle No. 738

TAC



TUXEDO IN A CAN

For over 13 years, America's foremost makers of vacuum-packed formal wear for that dress-up emergency! Store in your clothes closet or on your kitchen shelf next to the green beans! No refrigeration needed! Over two dozen styles and accessories, including freeze-dried cummerbunds. Long favored by backpackers and lighthouse keepers. Now in lead-free cans! Catalog \$68. Circle No. 092

THE SHARPTON IMAGE



THE SHARPTON IMAGE

Complete accessories catalog for anyone wishing to emulate the controversial New York blowhard activist. Suits and jogging outfits in "extra Husky" sizes, moussed pompadour wigs, large, gag disco medallions, more! Full color catalog \$34. Circle No. 485

LB



SIR BENJAMIN'S MUSICAL PERLEGS

Since 1895 the descendants of Sir Benjamin Bartholomew have painstakingly crafted by hand each of these charming, tuneful artificial limbs. They haven't sold a single one...so this catalog is filled with BIG discounts! This year's new musical selections include *Forever Your Girl*, *The Theme From 'Cheers'* and *The Liverpool Oratorio*. New conversion kit allows creation of musical fireplace logs. Color catalog \$36. Circle No. 382



PET CLERGY SUPPLIES

PRAISE DOG! The St. Fido's catalog is the #1 source for multi-denominational pet accessories. They have it all: clerical flea collars, feline nun's habits, pulpits for fish, Bishop's miters in reptile sizes. Turn your pet's play time into pray time! Catalog \$15. Circle No. 698

FREDERICKS OF SANDUSKY



FREDERICK'S OF SANDUSKY

Not to be confused with Frederick's of Hollywood! Frederick's of Sandusky will only sell fashions to men (and women) named Fred! There's absolutely no reason for this policy, it's just a peculiarity on the part of the owner, Bert Zacky. During January and February he will reluctantly sell to Teds and Eds, but only at 20% more than listed prices. Catalog \$26.

Circle No. 558



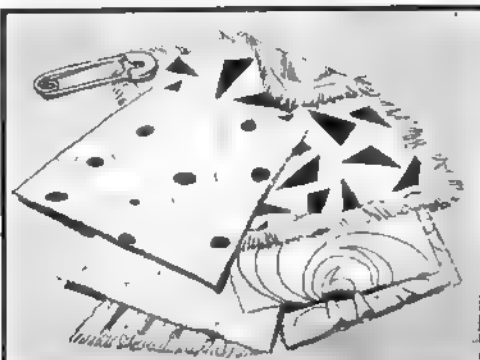
POTTERY MADE BY CHIMPANZEES

Monkeyware Ltd. has settled its differences with the Humane Society and is back! You'll go ape for this all-new collection of misshapen vases, warped salad bowls, lopsided mugs and other deformed pottery! Sorry, glass blown by gorillas no longer available. Catalog printed by orangutans \$84. Circle No. 318



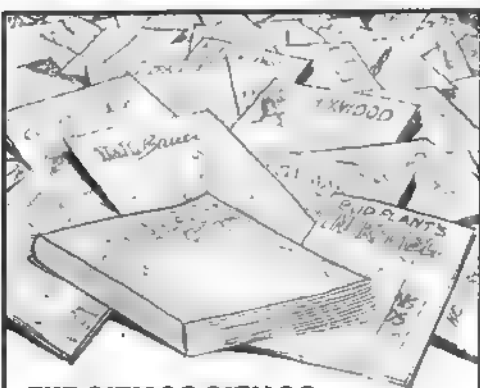
TRANSVESTITE SCUBA SUPPLIES

As seen on Donahue! Dainty wetsuits, masks, air tanks and flippers for the underwater cross-dresser. Also, stylish matching rubber pumps for when you surfacel! Deep sea diving has never been so effeminate! Full color, giant-sized catalog \$16. Circle No. 918



USELESS MINIATURE SCARVES

These handcrafted gems are factory inspected to insure they will not go around even the smallest neck! Bland and/or tasteless patterns guarantee they have no decorative value and make poor conversation pieces. 100% synthetic itchy fabric is not strong enough to withstand use as handkerchief. Millions of these are given as Christmas gifts every year! Useless catalog \$29. Circle No. 837



THE CATALOG CATALOG

Here are hundreds more catalogs you can send us money for (after you send us money for this catalog, that is!) IT'S ALL HERE! The Lord's End Catalog, Infant Juggling Supplies, Jello Mail, George Wendt Products, Handcarved Hams, Exploding Office Supplies, Poorly Drawn Owls and much more! A bonanza for the helpless catalog junkie! Catalog \$267. Circle No. 827



CAPTAIN SCUDDY'S INCORRECT MAPS AND GLOBES

Not a gag! These are authentic imitations of the actual maps and navigational charts that kept the legendary Captain Scuddy lost at sea for 17½ years. Plot a direct course from England to France that takes you through Bolivia, Chad and Fargo, North Dakota! Over 100 maps to choose from. Also available: outdated bus and train schedules from 61 countries, erroneous airline seating diagrams and official Captain Scuddy sailor hats. Official Scudman's catalog \$8. Circle No. 536



SAWDUST SHEP OF OMAHA'S UNINSPECTED BEEF BY MAIL

Loin! Shoulder! Flank! Why let Uncle Sam meddle with your meat? Public Health inspectors will never see the inside of his slaughterhouse—that's the Sawdust Shep guarantee! You save on every cut because the overhead associated with maintaining sanitary conditions and healthy livestock is virtually eliminated! Save on shipping, too, as Shep does not use insulated or refrigerated containers and sends all orders 4th class! An eating sensation you won't believe! Illustrated catalog \$17. Circle No. 310

COUPON

Circle the number of the catalogs you want

459 \$35.00	857 \$88.00	222 \$156.00
098 \$92.00	557 \$73.00	765 \$122.00
748 \$85.00	447 \$83.00	038 \$213.00
574 \$88.00	338 \$95.00	117 \$321.00
685 \$90.00	726 \$24.00	135 \$466.00
676 \$39.00	829 \$55.00	736 \$516.00

Total for catalogs	\$ _____
Service & handling	\$ 3.00
Shipping	\$ 4.50
Extra fee we hope you don't notice	\$ 7.00
Total enclosed	\$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check box if your finger is enclosed for 10% discount.

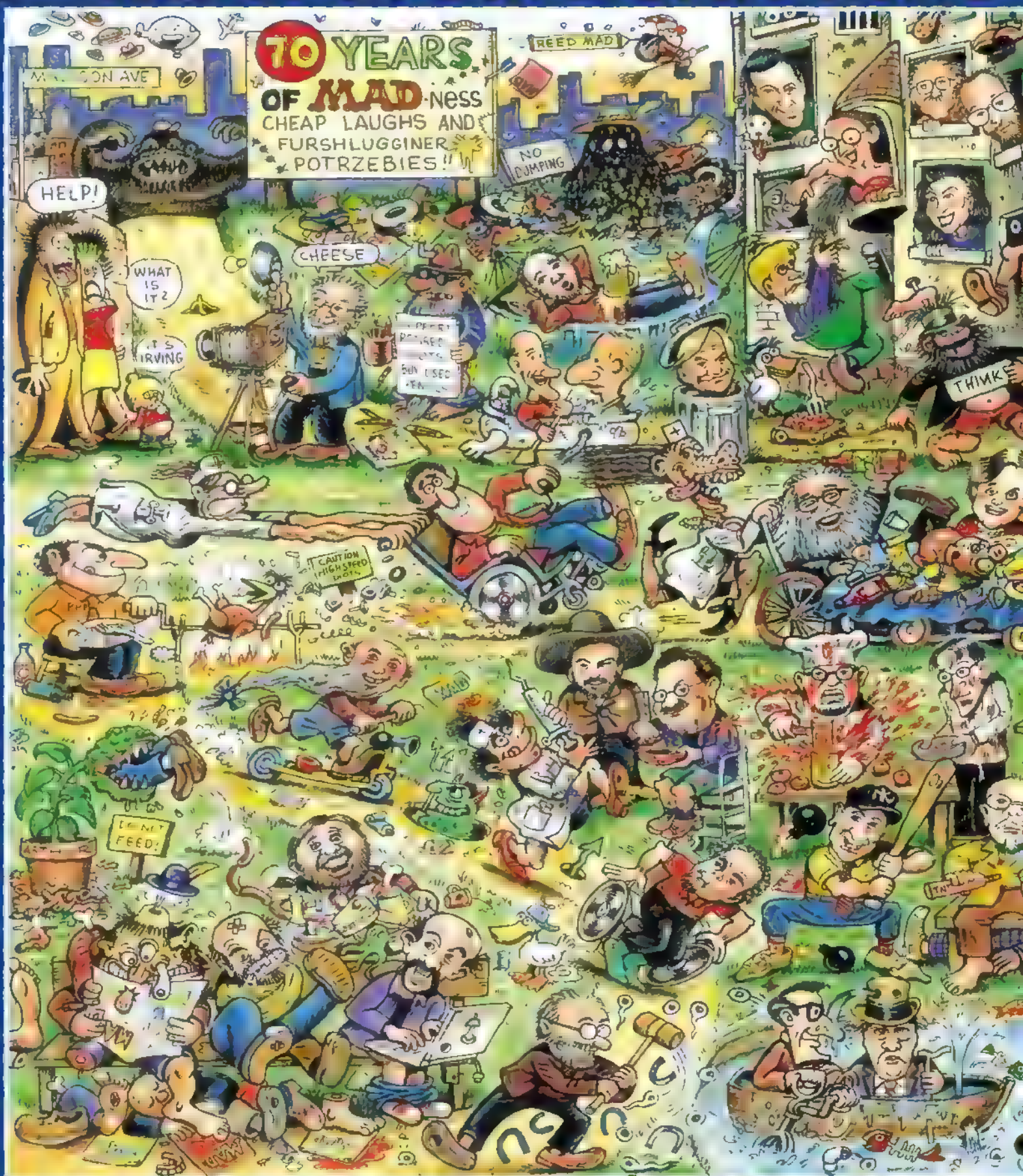
AVALANCHE O'CATALOGS

502 Fine Print St.,
Nonexistent, Alaska 00000



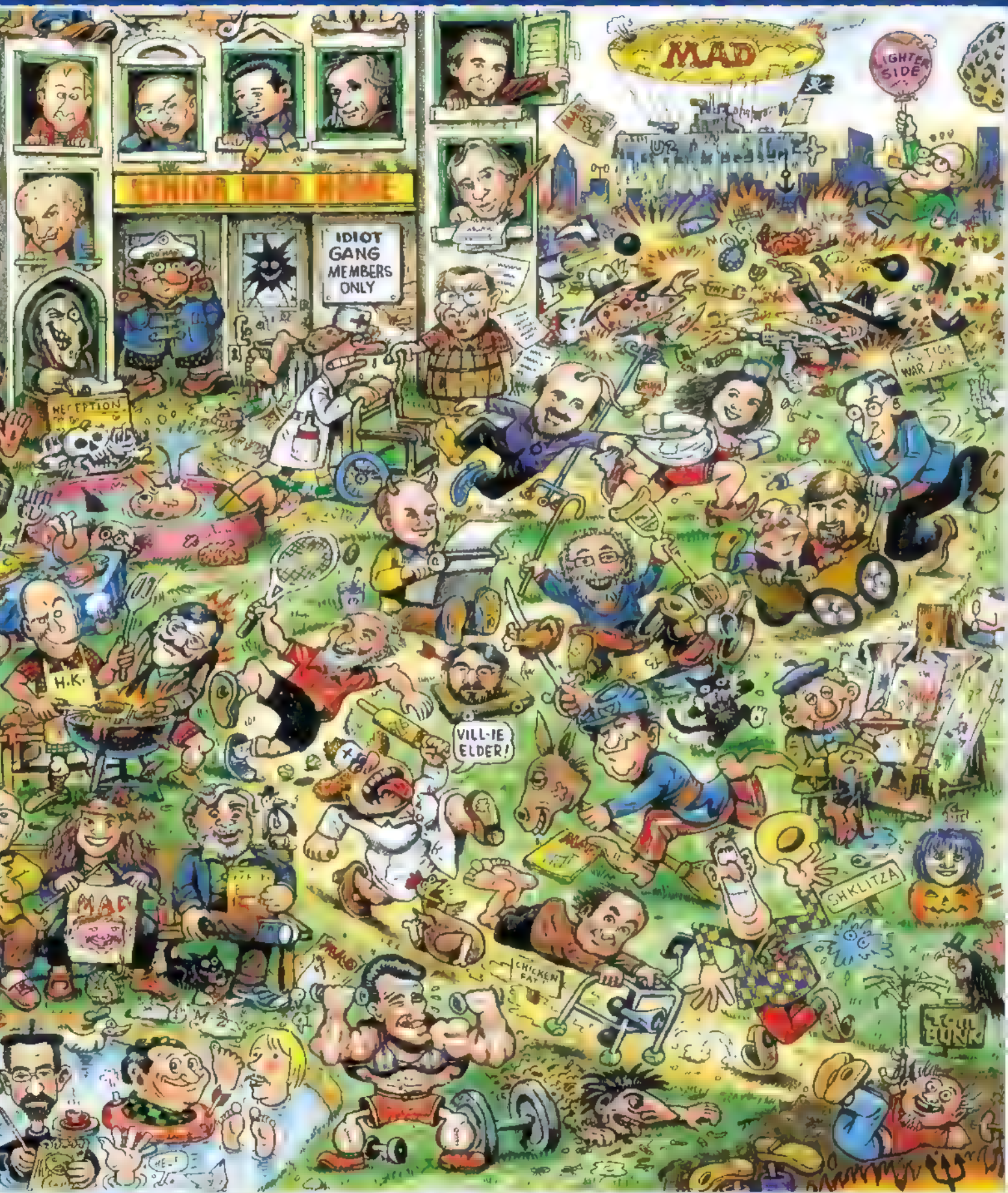
POST-BUNK REVIVAL DEPT.

MAD'S TOM BUNK VISITS



WRITER & ARTIST: TOM BUNK

THE SENIOR MAD HOME



Captain Kook! The Superintendent of Planet Omega reports a meteor shower! What should he do?

Tell him to put on his rubbers!

Explorer Woodhull on Asteroid 97-A says his temperature is up to 750 degrees! What do you recommend?

Two aspirins—plenty of liquids—and call me in the morning!

Captain, a space ship just zoomed by on the Visagraph! It appeared to be lost, and I could have sworn I saw June Lockhart at the window!

Lost in space!? Impossible! Not on this show! Not on—

"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANGE

What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before...
"THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?

That's not what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some "heavenly bodies", Mr. Spook!

Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't forgotten them, have you?

Of course not! I remember Rama!

Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be some thing serious! I'm getting no return signal from them!

Er—try your other arm, Sir! You're talk ng into your wristwatch! The odds are five to one that they'll never hear you through THAT!

Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get a belt in the mouth if you don't stop acting like an intelligent DONKEY!

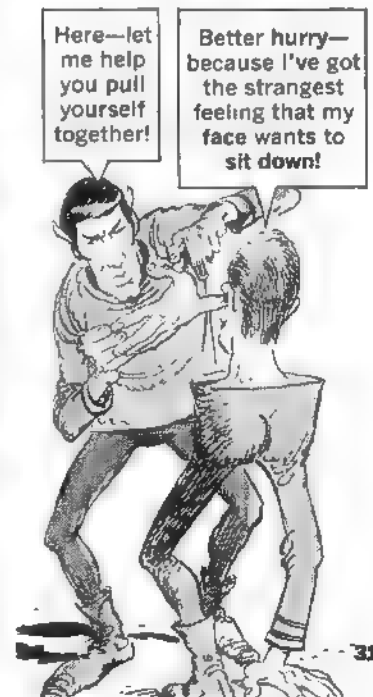
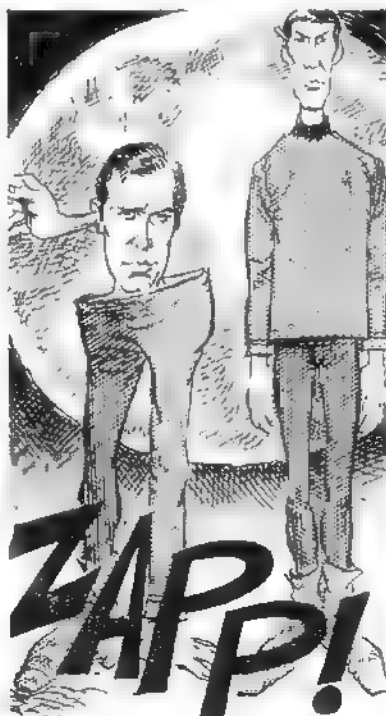


WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

STAR BLECCCH

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO • ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"

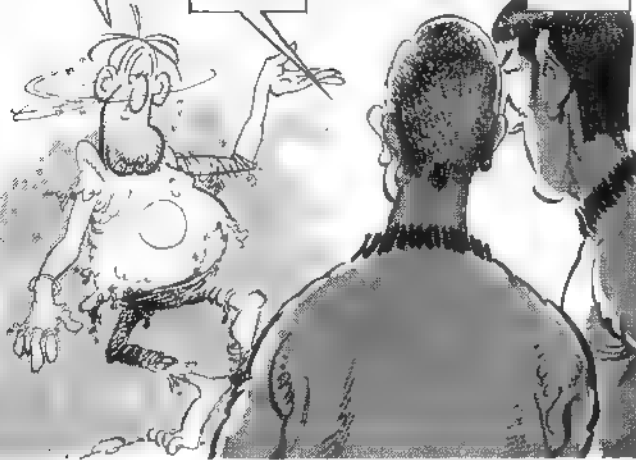


Thank heavens
you've come!
I'm Flob—
Keeper of
Goodbath!

You look
more like
SLOB—
Keeper of
NOBath!!

Goodbath was
the capital of
Rama IV—but
all that is
behind me now!

Well—
step
aside
and let
us see—

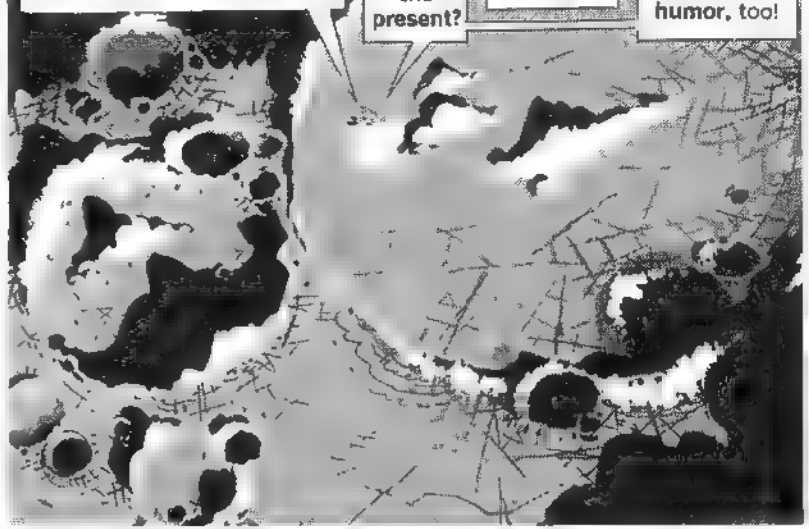


It's no use! Disease has
taken over! We are a doomed
civilization! We have no
past, and we have no future!

What
about
the
present?

It's under
the
Christmas
Tree!

I see that
disease has
also doomed
your sense of
humor, too!



BAROOM!



What
in the
world
was
THAT?!

THAT was
a 7.895
Amplitude
Shock Wave!

That big?
Are you
sure?

Positive! Look at
this instrument!
See? The little
hand fell off
Donald Duck!



That's a
7.895
Amplitude
Shock Wave
all right!
Flob—have
you any
idea what's
happening
here on
your planet?

Every day, thousands of people
die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours
down on homes—the air and
water is poisoned—and there's
been nothing to eat for two weeks
now! I tell you, there are days
when I just don't feel like getting
out of bed in the morning!

Well, you're
bound to be
unhappy if
you take
that attitude!
Where is your
"happy face"?

This **IS**
my
happy
face!
You
should
see me
when
I'm
sad!

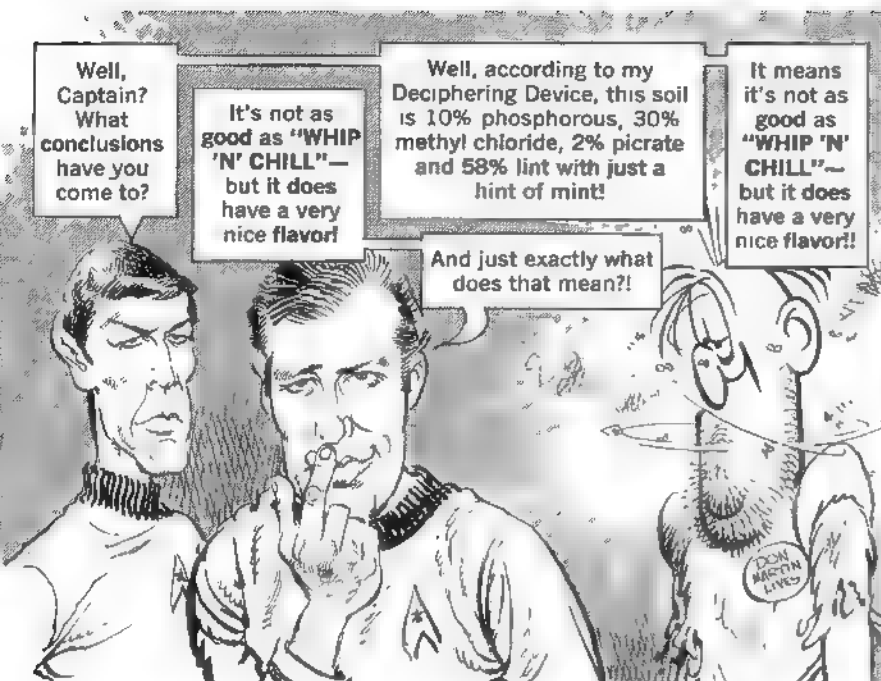


I suggest
that we
take Flob
back to
the "Booby-
Prize" so
Doctor BeCoy
can look
at him!

I think we should
take a sample of
soil, too! I'll
use my "Super-
Analytical-Cosmo-
Nuclear-Chemical-
Decipherer-And-
Three-Way-Bottle-
Opener..."

Okay! And
while you do
that, I'll
just use the
old-fashioned
method of
tasting a
bit of this
soil...





Well, Captain? What conclusions have you come to?

It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!

Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!

It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!!

And just exactly what does that mean?!

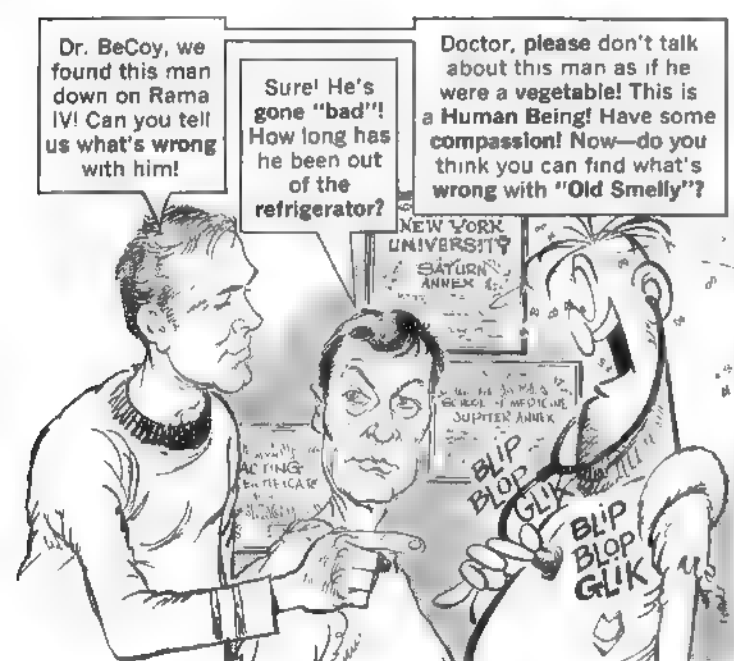


It also means the soil is radio-active!

Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!

Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—

Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing—especially with "No-Bath" here!



Dr. BeCoy, we found this man down on Rama IV! Can you tell us what's wrong with him!

Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?

Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?



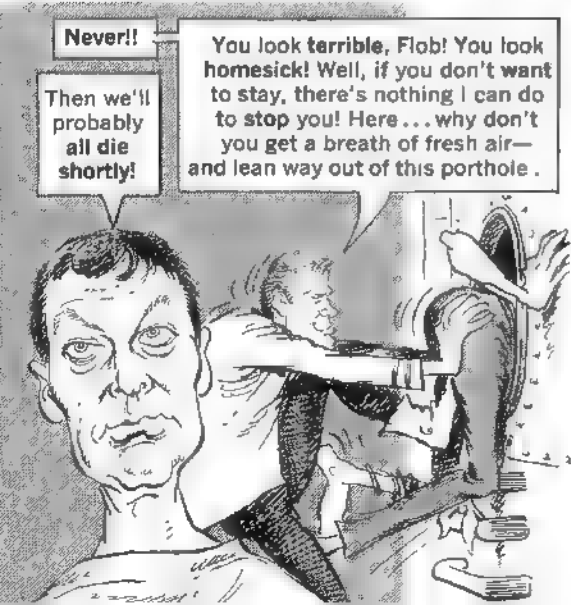
I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!

Really? And what is it called?

If I knew, would it be a rare disease?

I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?

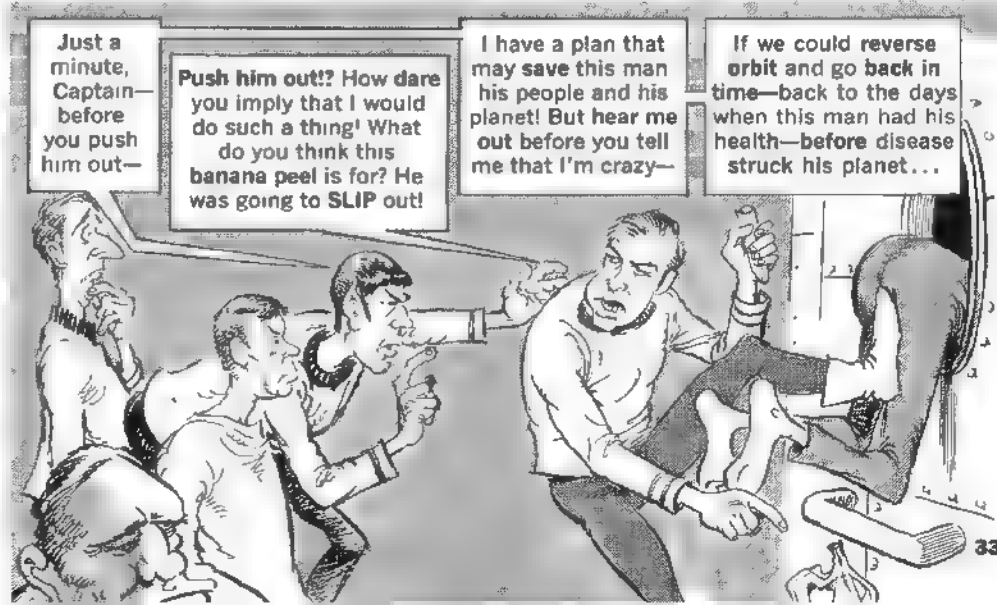
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!



Never!!

Then we'll probably all die shortly!

You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here... why don't you get a breath of fresh air—and lean way out of this porthole.



Just a minute, Captain—before you push him out—

Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!

I have a plan that may save this man his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—

If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet...

... and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!

Are you finished?

Yes!

You're crazy!

That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?

Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat—like every body else's!

All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!

Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!

In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!

I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!

This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights...

It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!

And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!

Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!

Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?

Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #115, DEC 1967

Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!

You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!

Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!

Oops! Now it's just broken!

Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC... #\$\$%&'()*! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!

We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages... when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!

You mean...

Yes—we're headed for 1967!!

ALFRED AND OMEGA

WRITER JORDAN PEELE ARTIST RICHARD WILLIAMS

A key moment in *NOPE* features a fictional MAD Magazine cover. It's seen framed on a hidden door just before the audience hears an unsettling story told by Steven Yeun's character, Jupe. We commissioned the artwork from Richard Williams, one of the prominent MAD cover artists in the 1990s. It parodies the tragic incident surrounding "Gordy's Home," an in-universe sitcom from 1997 in which a chimp attacked his co-stars: the actors playing the family. On the cover, Alfred is made to look like the rampaging chimp, Gordy. This fictional artifact is indeed a loaded object: heavy and seeping with menace. I don't know whether the real magazine ever "went too far" for a gag. It was such a well-calibrated edge. So perfectly tuned. For me, the anxiety this fake cover exudes was worth bottling. The fear of toxic attention is wild and powerful. It's a moment the audience knows they are on the precipice of seeing something they're not supposed to see. A thing of shame.

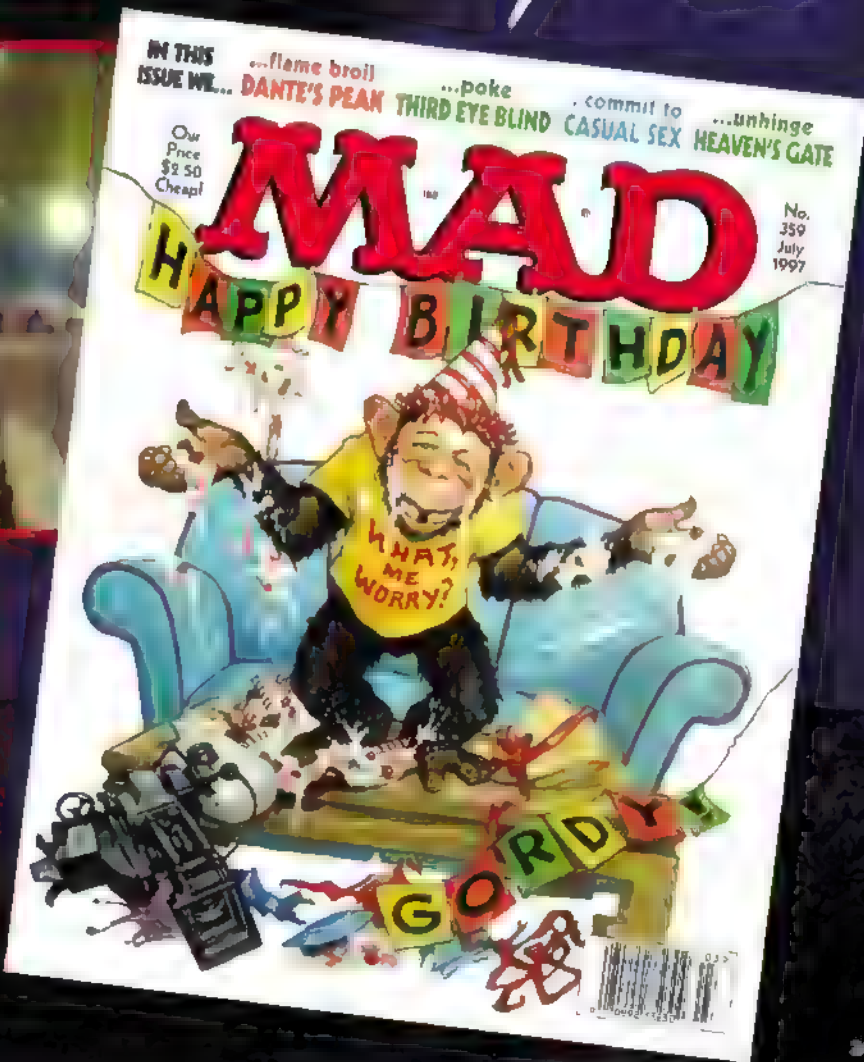
MAD was formative. I remember early on finding Alfred E. Neuman's expression of vague mischief to be menacing. That taunting glazed-over grin. There was a call to mischief in this Neuman horror moment. I couldn't turn down. Despite being consistently perched just beneath the pornography section of newsstands, Neuman's wicked smile was far more captivating than any other imagery I could "steal a glance of." He's a horror show. A master class in dumb and ugly. Both eyes vacant and still so savagely dialed into something? To what? Ew. To me? A tell-tale heart, of sorts, it's like he knew my secrets. So yeah, there's a dread there. It was clear that nothing was sacred to this young man... A mask of a hundred blasphemies.

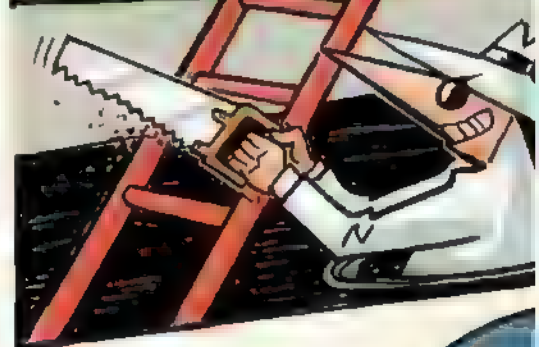
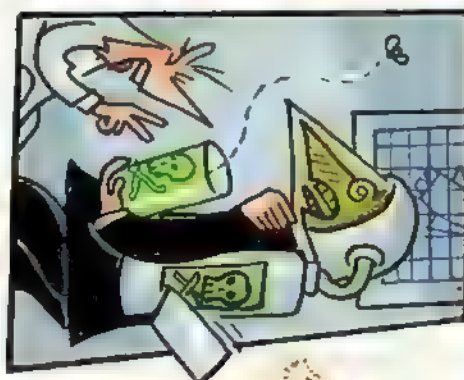
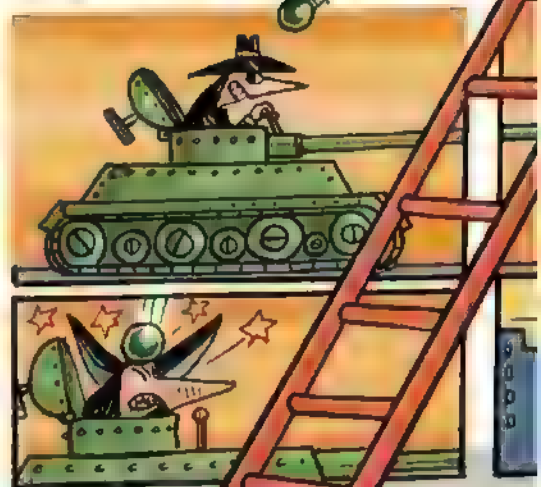
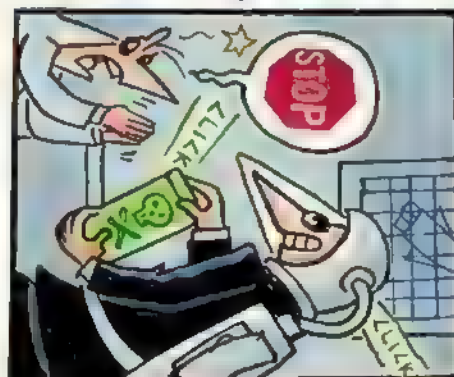
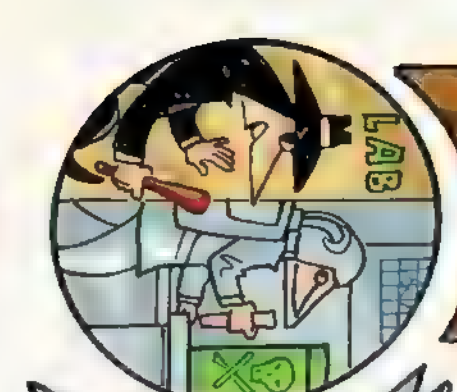
My mother, lover of comedy, enthusiastically bought me my first MAD issue at age nine. That didn't stop me from feeling like a rebellious badass. Once it was in my possession, MAD was a racy secret again.

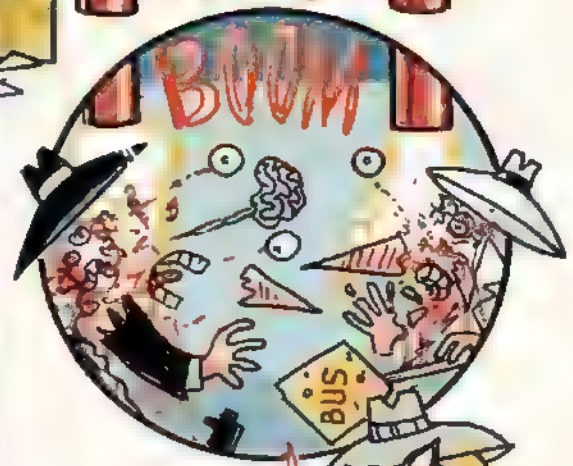
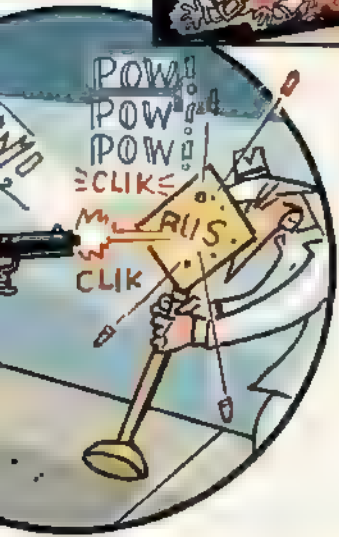
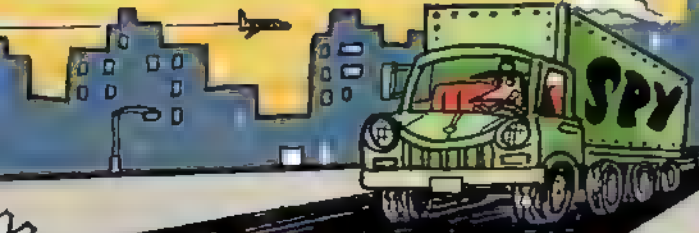
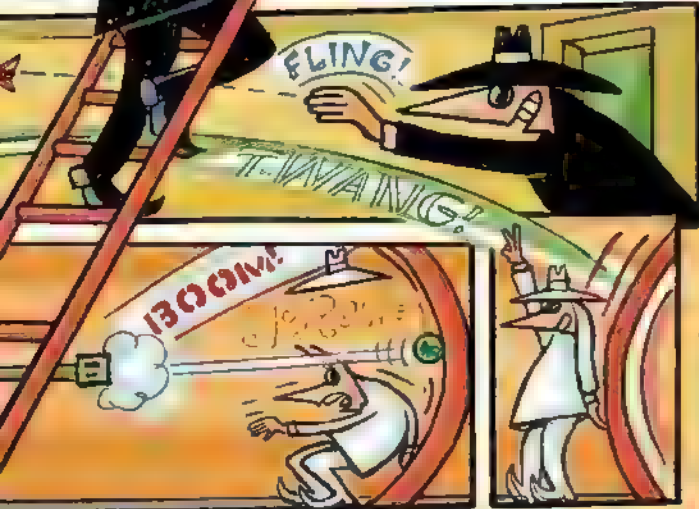
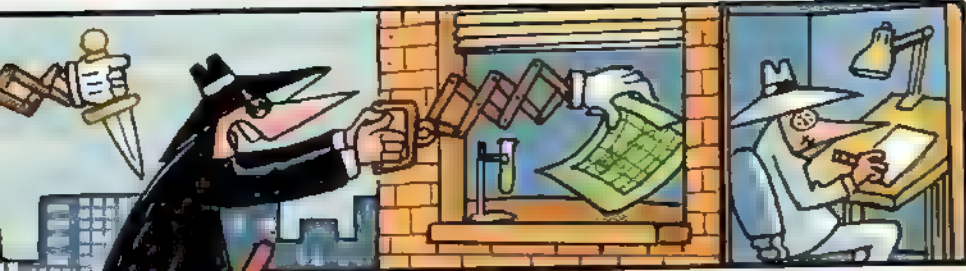
Inside those pages, the content was densely packed: *The Lighter Side of...*, *Spy vs. Spy*, Don Martin, and, most importantly, the signature "fold-in" on the back page. In many ways, a perfect film works like one of those things. (For what it's worth, we conceptually referenced this page when discussing the unfolding creature, Jean Jacket, at the end of *NOPE*.) MAD Magazine walks the tightrope of irreverence with incredible skill. This was and is intoxicating and I've been attempting to do the same since. What started as a career in lighter comedy has evolved into something a bit darker, but for me it's all connected.

But to be able to achieve issue after issue of such tremendous satire, Alfred E. Neuman is an incredible editor for that.

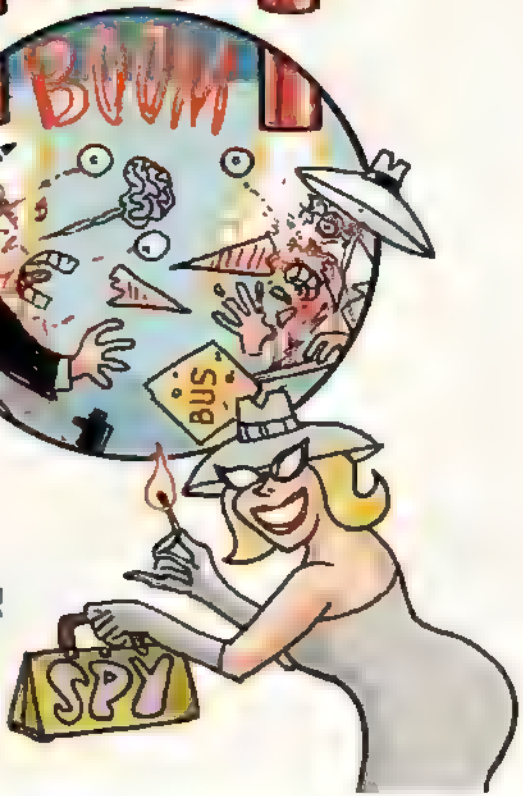
Jordan Peele
August 2022







KUPER





It has been said that when two people live together, they eventually start to look alike. It follows, then, that when people live with dogs, they eventually start to look like their dogs. If this isn't clear to you (and there's no reason why it should be!), then take a look at these ...



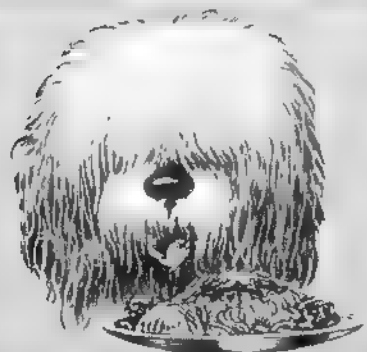
*The Bulldog's bark is full of growls,
His face is full of scars and jowls,
But do not fear his gruff exterior,
'Cause, actually, he feels inferior.*



*For arrogance and pure conceit,
the snooty Chow cannot be beat,
So let us firmly state right now
That man's best friend is not the Chow!*



*Woe is me! Alack, alas! It
Must be tough to be a Basset—
Looking so depressed and dismal,
Like he needs some Pepto-Bismal.*



*The Sheepdog is beyond compare,
He's one-half bound and one-half hair,
He doesn't eat, it's sad to state,
Because he cannot find the plate.*





MAD DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST KELLY FREAS



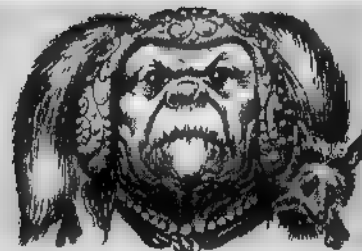
*Poodles live a life of ease
Without a single trace of fleas,
They sport the latest collar fashions
And only eat imported rations,
Manicured and well-perfumed,
They take great pains to be well-groomed,
Only some rich flashy dude'll
Satisfy the pampered Poodle.*



*I wish someone would tell us how a
Man could want a pet Chihuahua—
(Also called the Mexican Hairless)
Though, honestly, we couldn't care less!*



*Like an orange that turns up juiceless,
The Pekinese is just plain useless.*



*The Mongrel is a homeless bound
Who's glad that he's a vagrant,
You always know when he's around
Because he is so fragrant.*



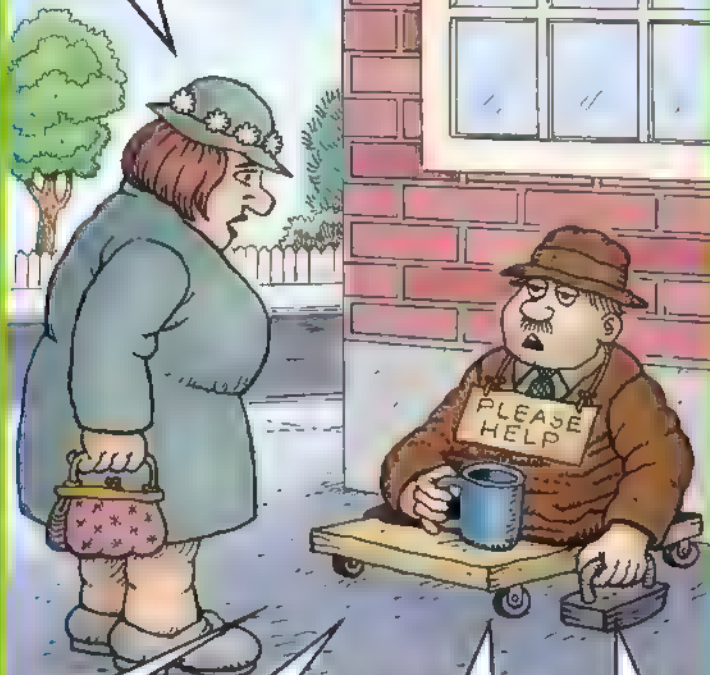


ALL JAFFEE DEPT.

Is this another installment of Al Jaffee's popular, long-

SNAPPY ANSWERS T

Did you lose your legs in an accident?



No, in a poker game.

No, I'm a boy wizard and they're covered with my Invisibility cloak.

No, I tried one of those new extreme weight-loss plans.

Are you smoking a cigarette?



No, smoking is unhealthy. I'm eating it.

No, it's a tobacco-flavored lollipop I've set on fire.

No, I'm giving CPR to this white caterpillar.

(WRITER & ARTIST) AL JAFFEE (COLORIST) TOM LUTH

Is that a garden hose?

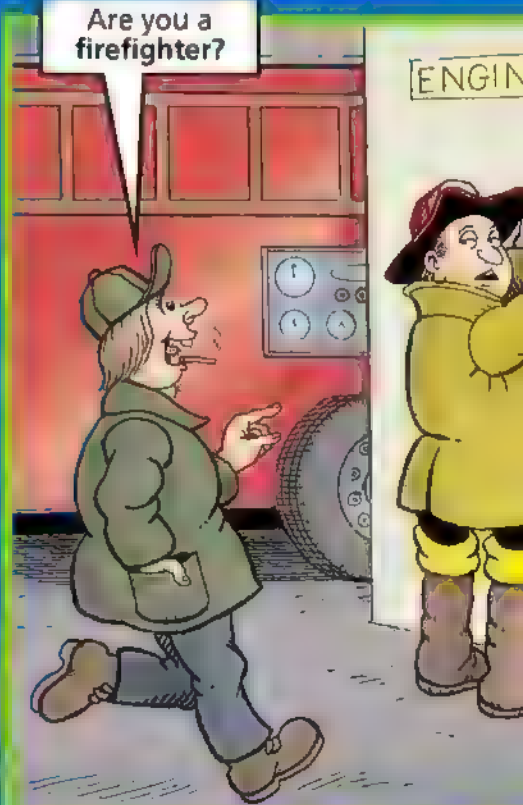


No, it's a drain for the swimming pool in our living room.

No, I get lost when I leave home and I use this to find my way back.

No, it's my house's umbilical cord.

Are you a firefighter?

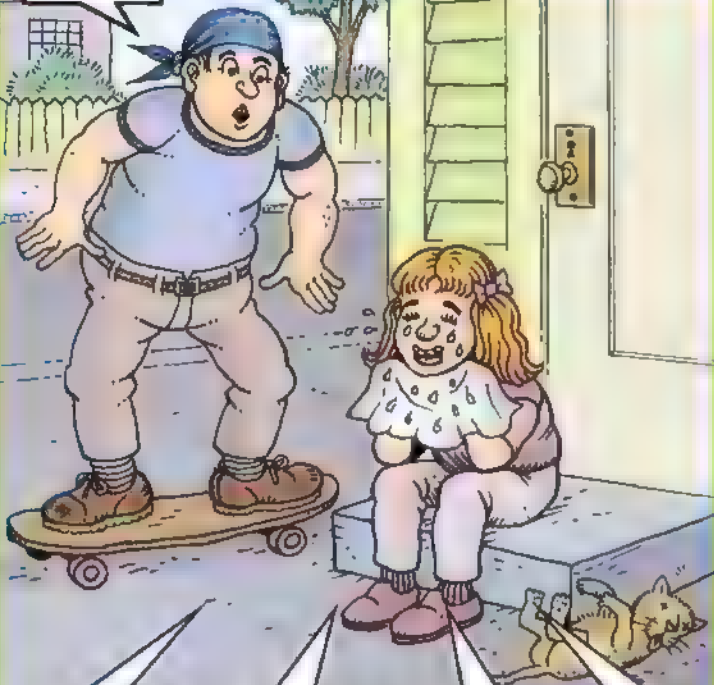


ENGINE

running feature? Why yes, yes it is. Thank you for asking!

STUPID QUESTIONS

Are you crying?



No, this is how I wash my face when a sink isn't handy.

No, I have a rare physical condition known as bladder backup.

No, I'm a public water fountain. Would you like a sip?

Is that a motorcycle?

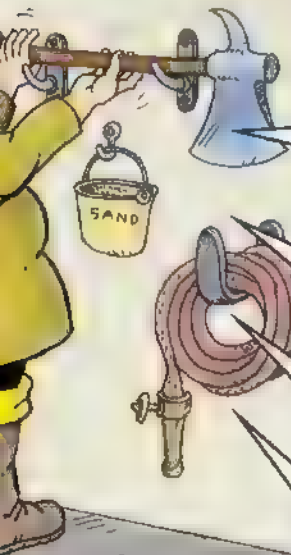


No, it's half an automobile! When I make the next payment I'll get the other half.

No, it's Lance Armstrong's secret weapon in the Tour de France.

No, it's my pimped-out wheeled luggage.

THE COMPANY №13



No, I'm an axe murderer disguised as a fireman and you're my next victim.

No, I'm a supervillain preparing to fight the Human Torch.

No, I'm an arsonist. Happy Opposite Day.

Does that mean planes aren't allowed here?



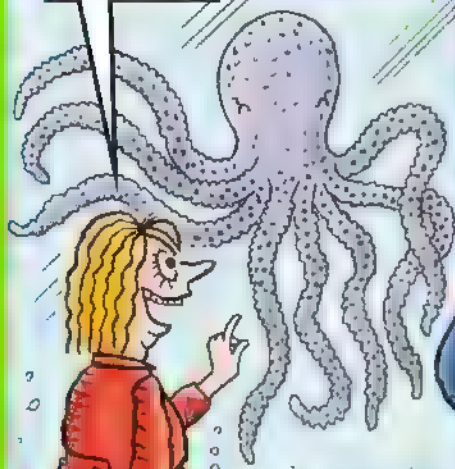
No, it means pants with zippers or buttons can't be worn here.

No, it's a warning to spiders that there's nothing to eat here.

No, that's a typo. It's supposed to say, "No Moronic Questions from Dimwits Zone."

Is that an octopus?

CITY AQUARIUM
← OCTOPUS



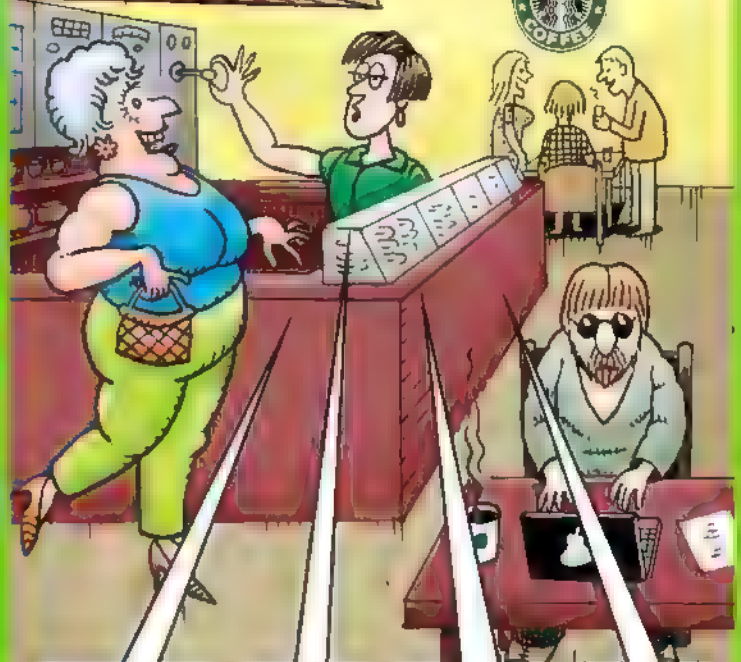
No, it's a seagoin' spider.

No, it's a bunch of snakes sucking on a watermelon.

I don't know—I've never actually looked behind me.

Is this a Starbucks?

STARBUCKS



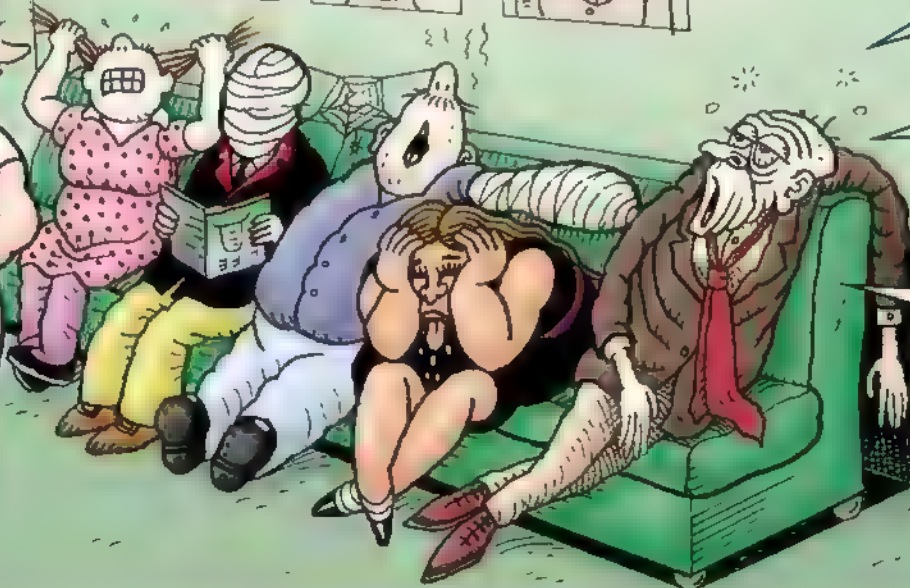
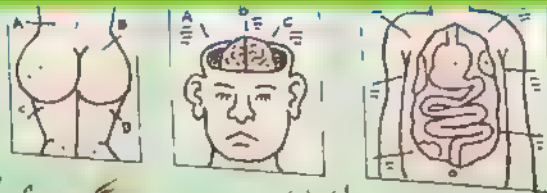
No, this is a private home. Would you like to meet the rest of the Starbucks family?!

"A Starbucks"? You mean there's more than one?

No, it's a mental asylum—Here's your cup of meds, you kook!

Has the Doctor seen you?

L.A. STRITES
M.D.



I can't remember. I was an infant when I came in.

I don't think so—but maybe he took a peek while I was passed out from the pain!

Many times, just not in the last eight hours I've been sitting here!

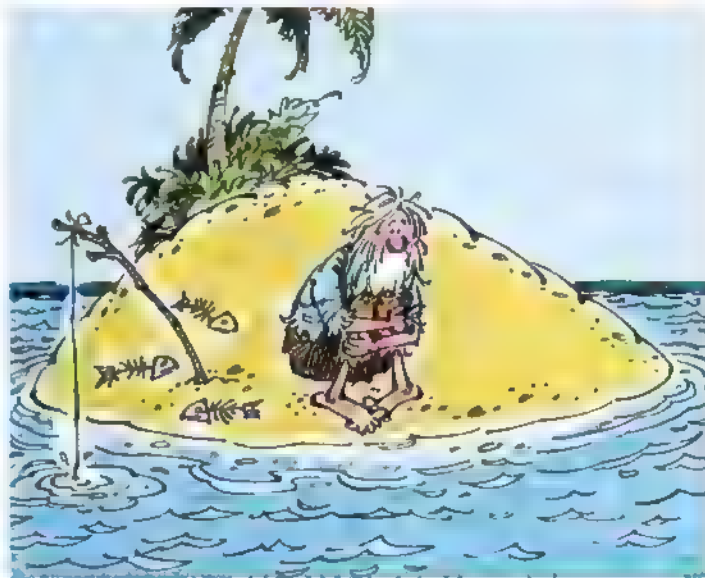
THE CASTAWAY



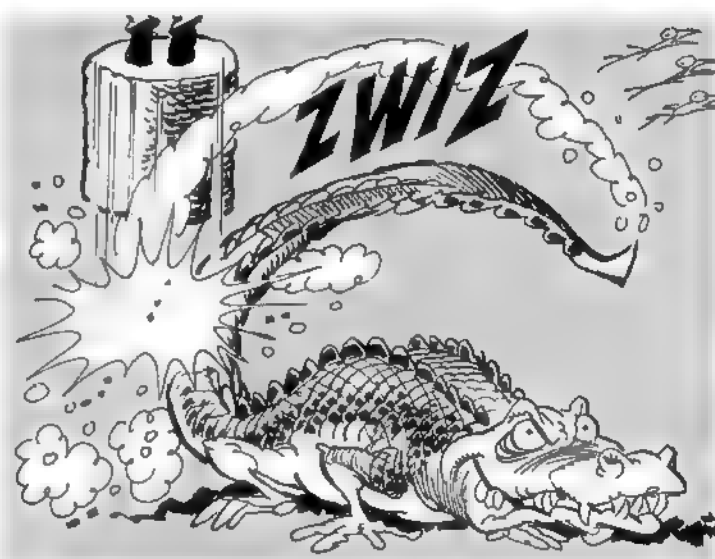
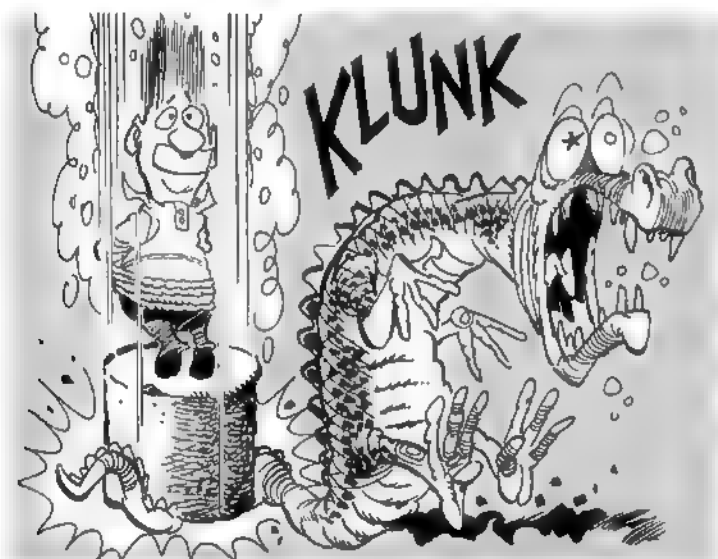
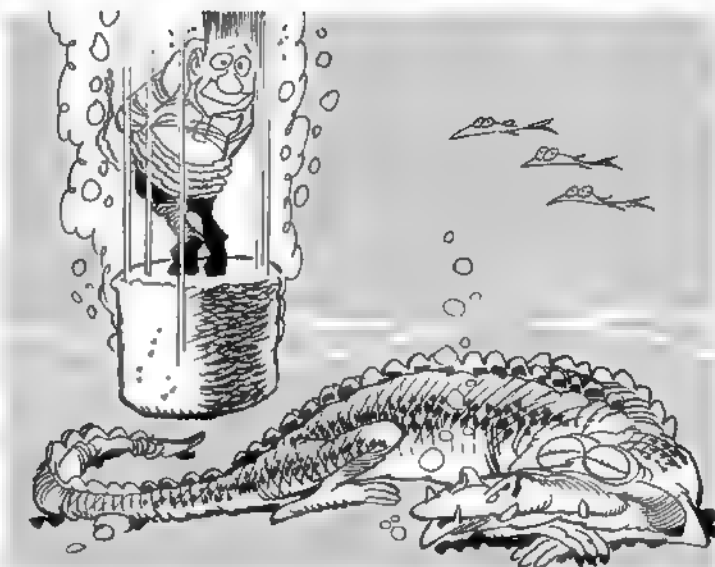
WRITER AL JAFFEE



ARTIST PAUL COKER, JR.



ONE FINE MORNING IN MIAMI



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #292 JAN 1990

WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST JACK DAVIS

A SWINGING JUNGLE TALE

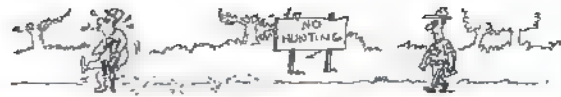


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #167 JUN 1974

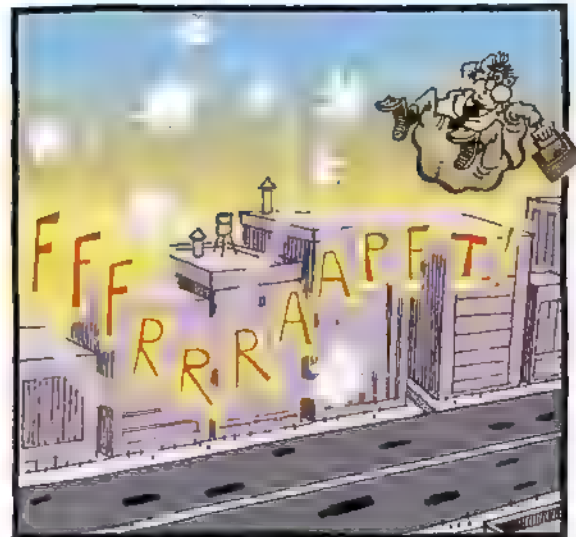
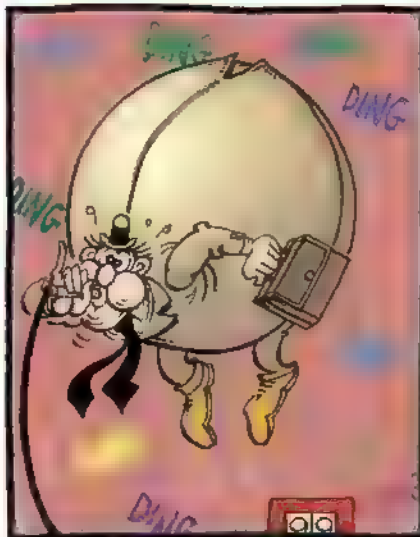
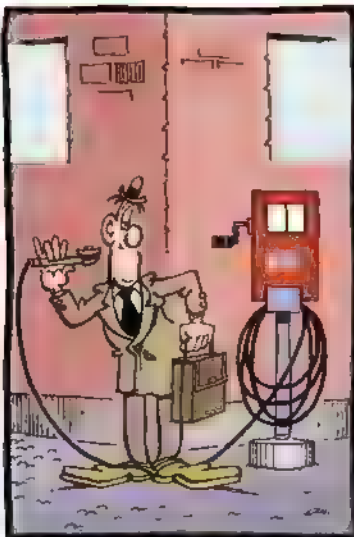
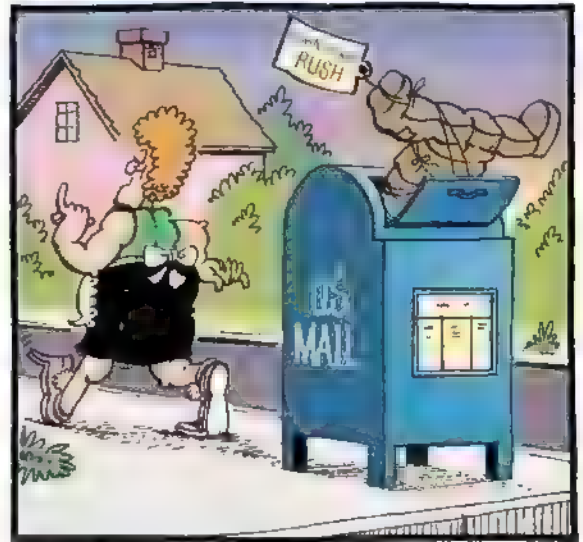
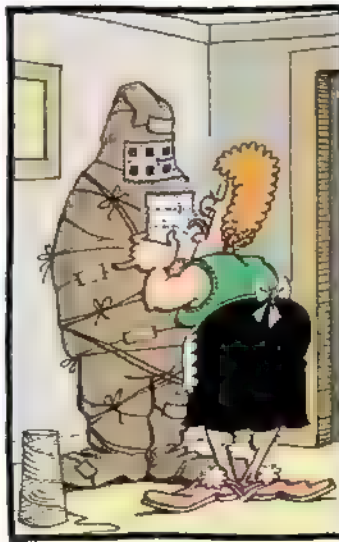
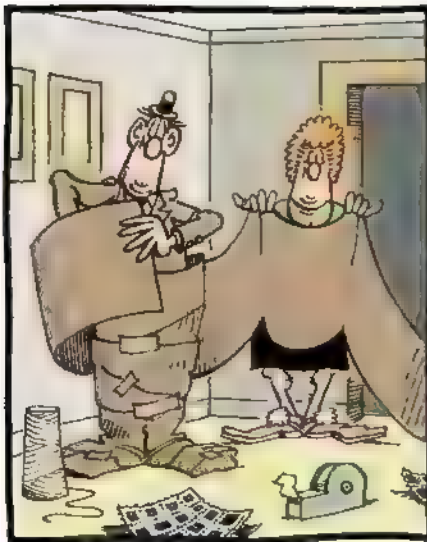
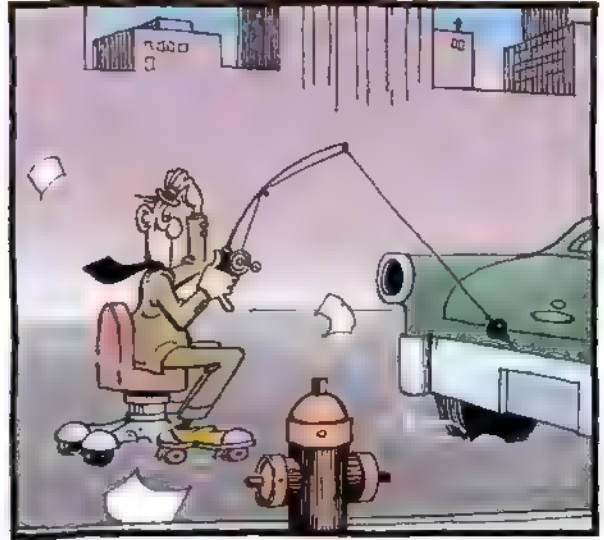
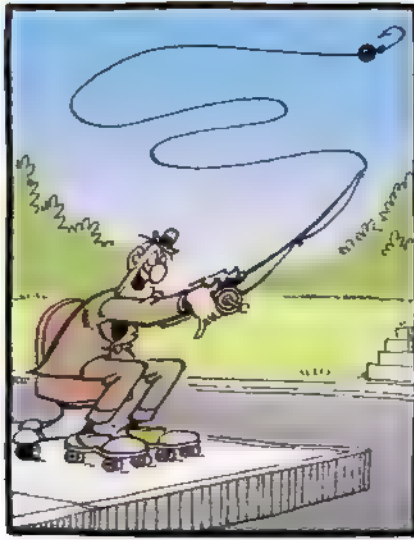
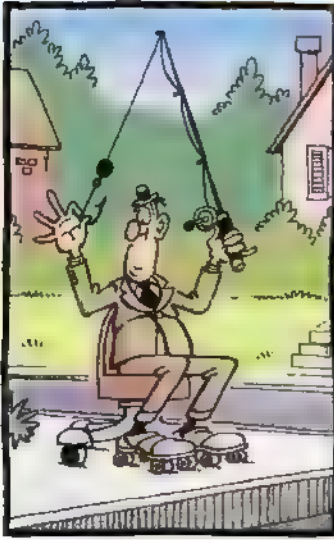
WRITER HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE ARTIST JACK DAVIS



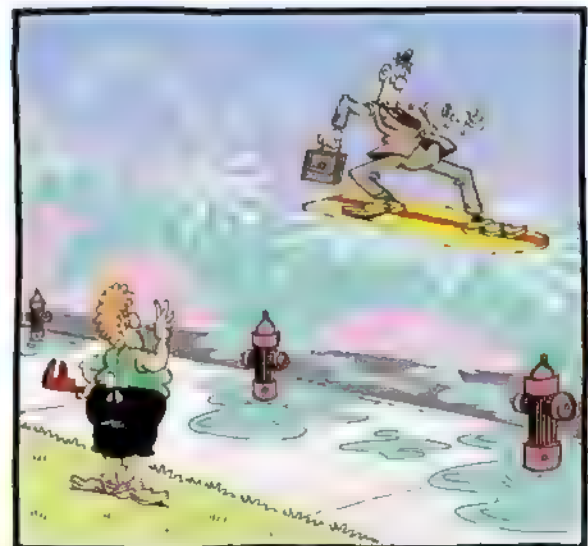
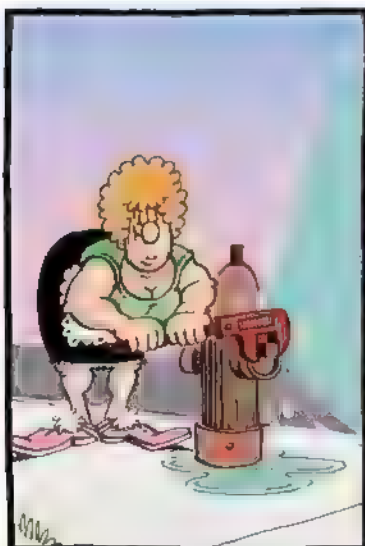
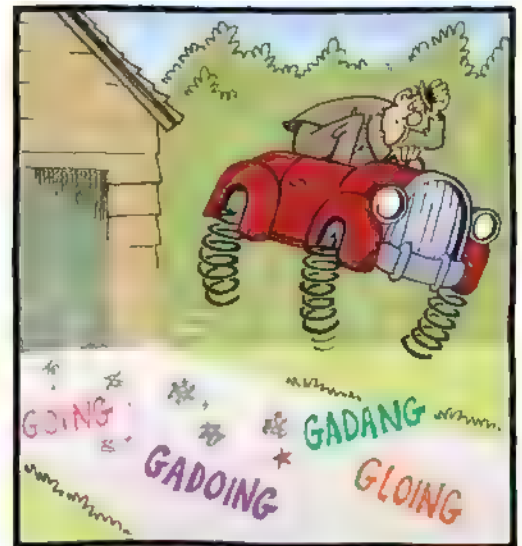
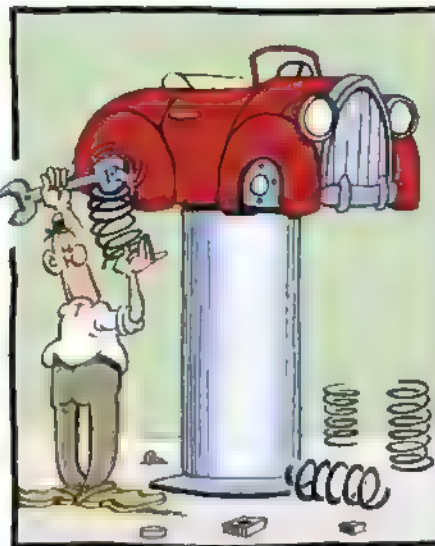
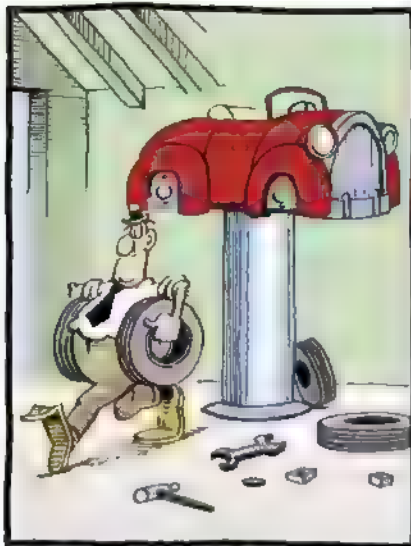
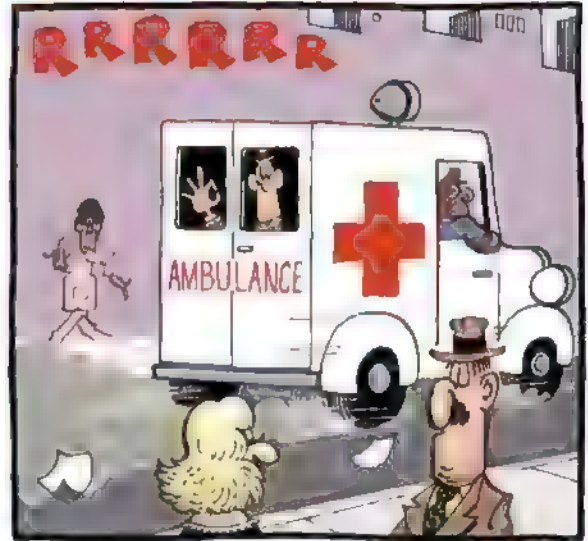
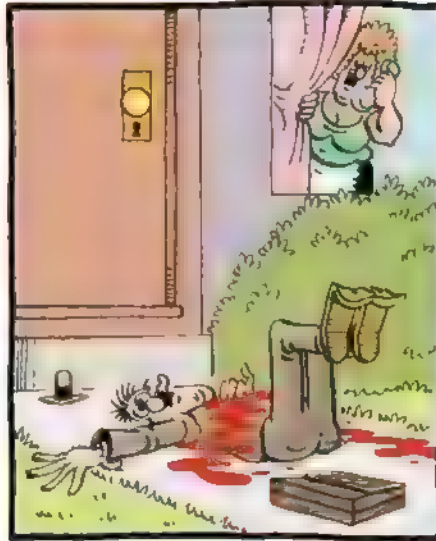
STONE ISLAND: GAS BERRY

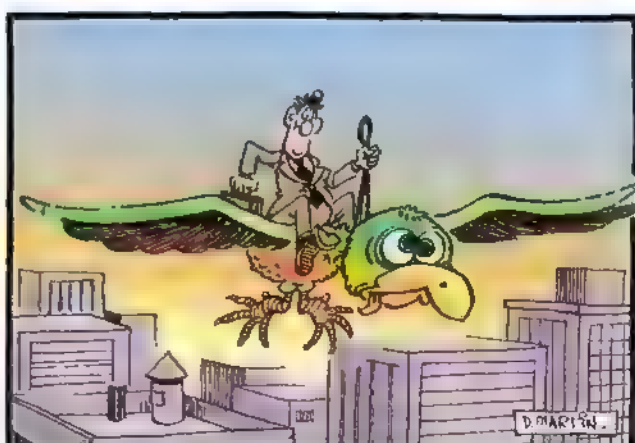
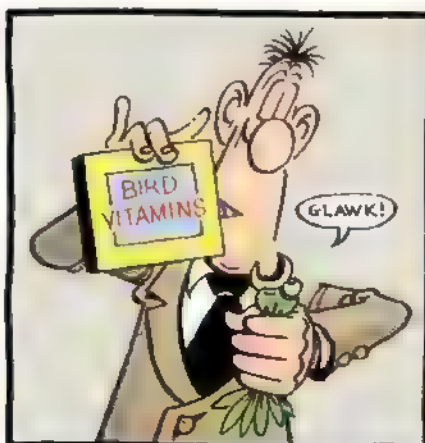
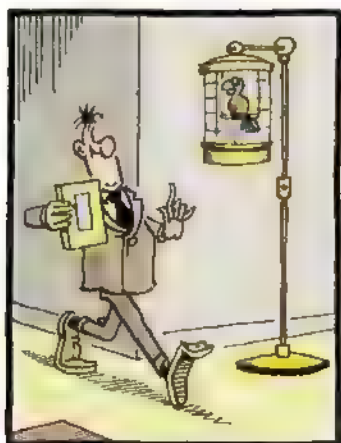
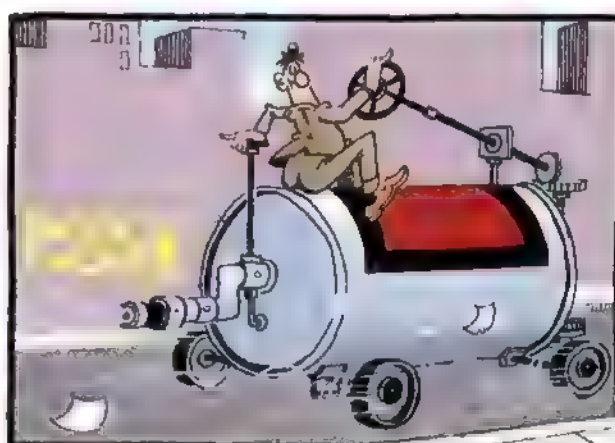
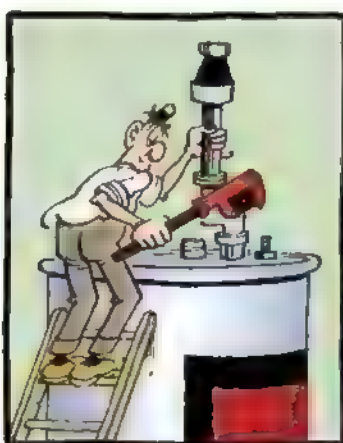
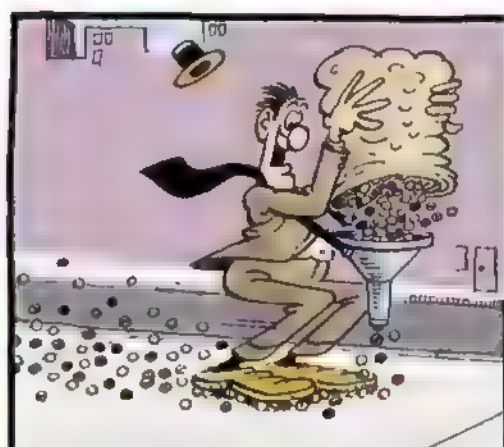
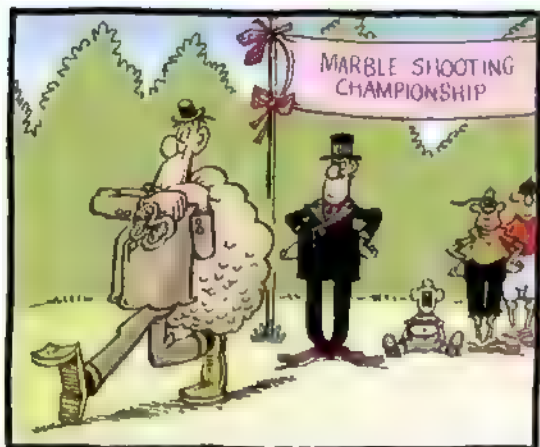
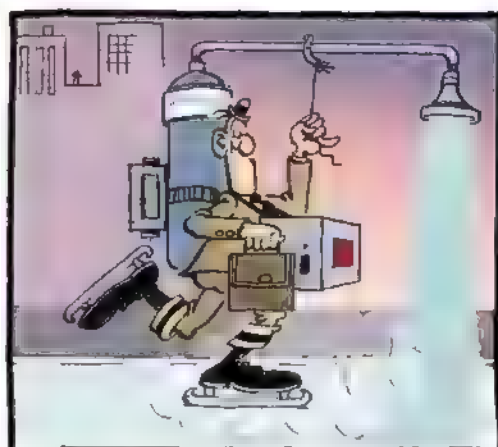
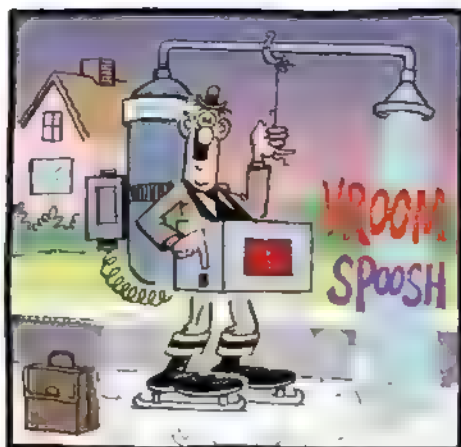
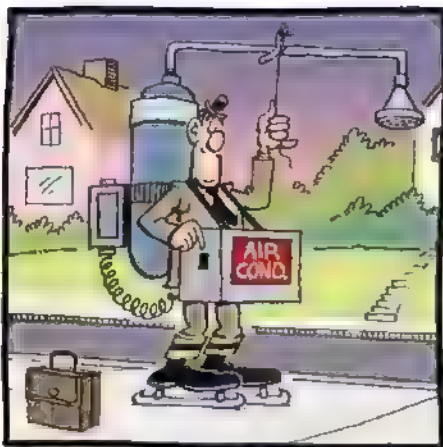


DON MARTIN BEATS THE



HIGH COST OF GASOLINE







DOWN TO THE SE

It's known that Dick DeBartolo is the writer who spent the longest time at MAD. In the mid-'80s MAD moved from 485 MADison Avenue to Warner Bros. at 1700 Broadway, and Dick was accidentally locked in the stockroom that final eve. But by the following Thursday, he was missed and someone went to get him. Surprisingly, Dick was not angry. Nor was he conscious when he was found. Yes, there was an ambulance, doctors, and a paramedic's assistance for him, but that's a funny story for another time. Dick says it's time for...

Never-before-seen photographs and rare NEW jokes!

Time to embark on
Dick DeBartolo's...

MADICAL HISTORY TOUR



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST SUZY SPLAB

Step aboard the *What Me Worry II*, Dick's 50-foot houseboat. MAD New Year's Eve parties. Admission was free.



Bill did magic. An owl went to sleep. A \$100 bill disappeared. Then he made a 50-foot houseboat... and five pounds of potato salad disappear. Thank God he wasn't a big fan of potatoes! There wouldn't be anything for the rest of us to munch on!



The first houseboat party. If the race is over, the first houseboat party. Because with the trip, the house, the gold chairs, the time, and the champagne, it was hard to know who is the winner. And winning is everything!



Katie Gaines (yep, she was the first houseboat party... as the publisher... weird, but true!) appears in the *Felice Beauty Parade*. Katie was "Miss Electricity!" She wanted to be "Miss Power" but if she did that, we'd have to get her up on the roof, and it was really just a joke.

More MAD madness!



Bill and Dick were in the kitchen, and the first houseboat party. Because with the trip, the house, the gold chairs, the time, and the champagne, it was hard to know who is the winner. And winning is everything!

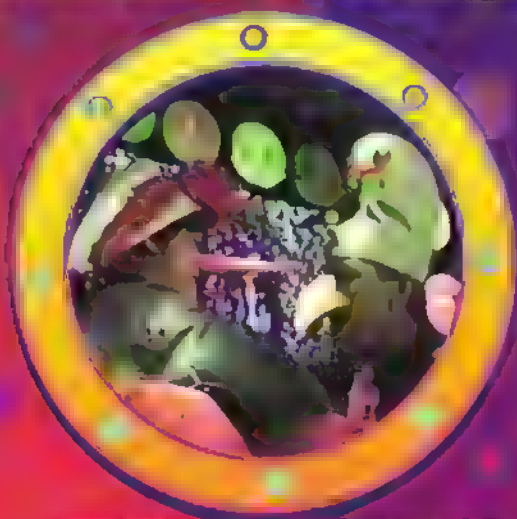


Space was at a premium in the small 485 MADison Ave. office. The first houseboat party. Because with the trip, the house, the gold chairs, the time, and the champagne, it was hard to know who is the winner. And winning is everything!



Space was at a premium in the small 485 MADison Ave. office. The first houseboat party. Because with the trip, the house, the gold chairs, the time, and the champagne, it was hard to know who is the winner. And winning is everything!

**use boat on the Hudson River. It was the scene of many
ee, but you HAD to be part of the evening's entertainment!**



Featured in the traditional "Punch and Judy" skits, George and Debbie Woodbridge Eds will have fighting skit that turned out to be a real "Punch and Judy".



By all the power vested in him by wearing a \$10 novelty cap, Captain John Fearn performed a wedding ceremony at sea. (Well, at river.) Chicago's *Billz*, MAD ad model, and Francine Faux tied the knot at one party. Knot tying was way cheaper than the real thing.



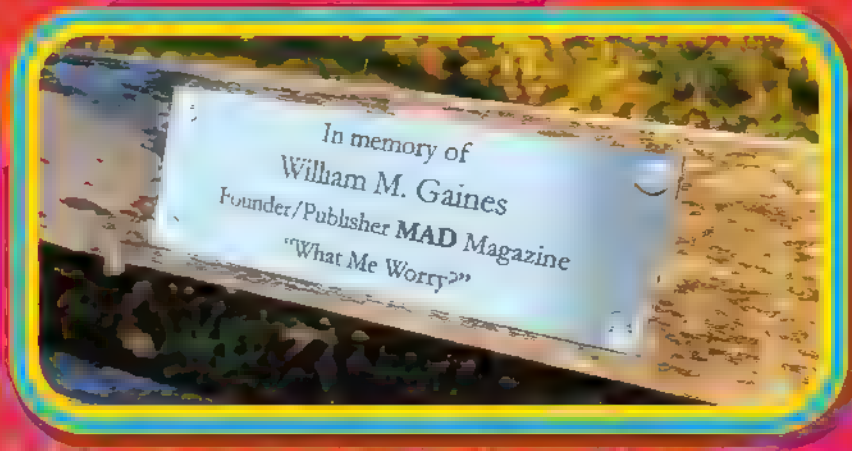
But, again, Roger and guitar at every New Year's Eve party. And he was a gifted musician. Usually, someone gave him that guitar as a gift. Nick didn't actually play, he plucked. And it was some of the worst plucking music you ever heard.



Not wanting to make yet another Alfred E. Neuman T-shirt, we thought lower, both in fashion and certainly in taste. However, the Alfred E. Neuman underwear was never offered for sale. Something about having a hole in it where Alfred's missing teeth was made it a bit too creepy.



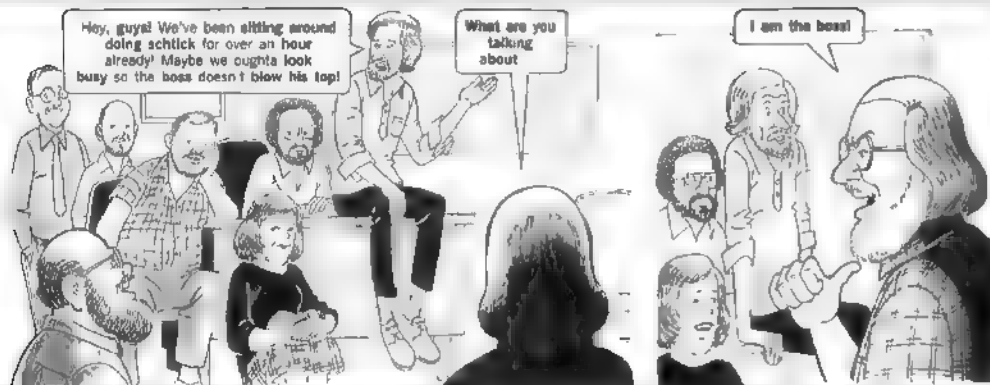
It's nothing about it when
 Jim took on the Statue of
 Liberty and with his great
 work in Lady Liberty, he was
 fortunate. **THE** **THE** **THE**
 is night, and the night is
 not long, but the night is



THE *Journal of Management Education*

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

THE BOSS



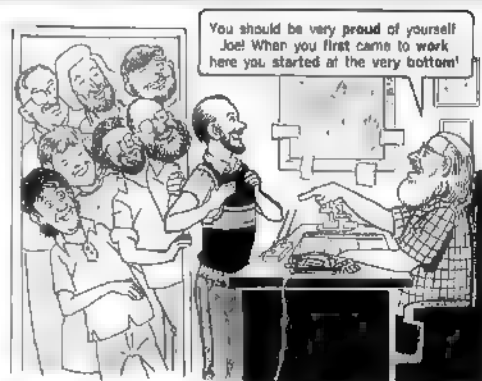
CHOICES



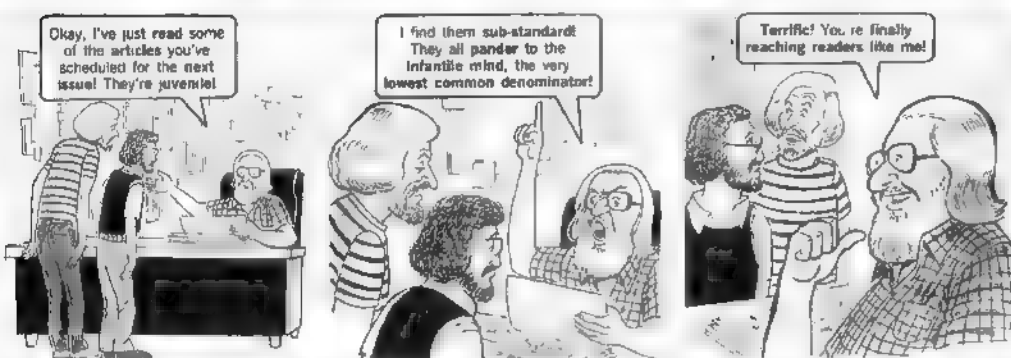
PAPERWORK



REVIEW



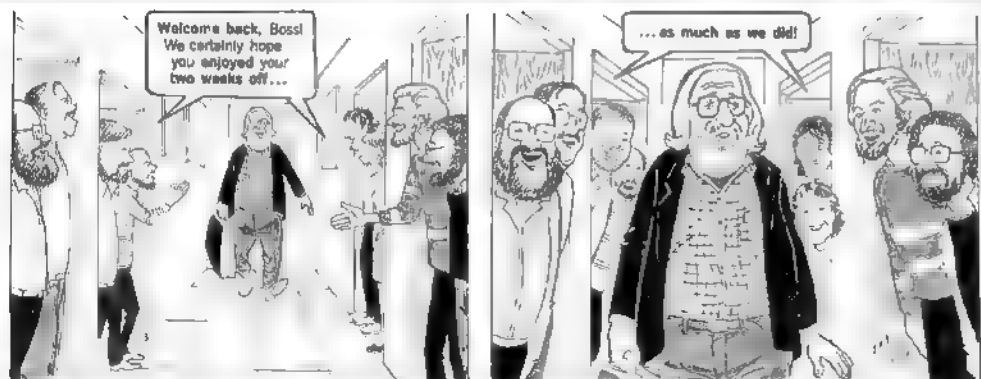
WRITER'S BLOCK



EQUALITY



VACATION



ANNUAL REPORT



BEST OF... OF THE

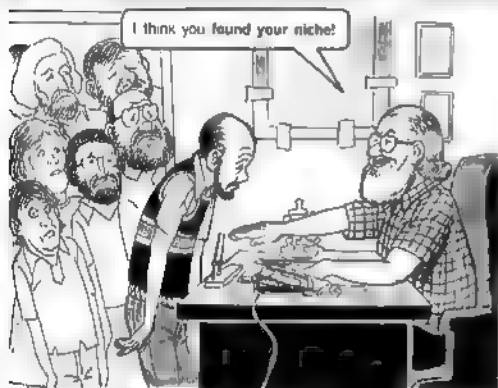
MAD OFFICE

TIME

WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG



DEADLINE



LUNCH



NEW HIRE





MAD REMEMBERS PAUL COKER JR.

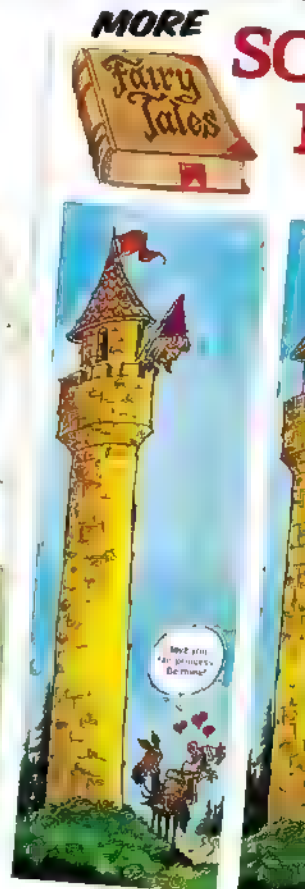
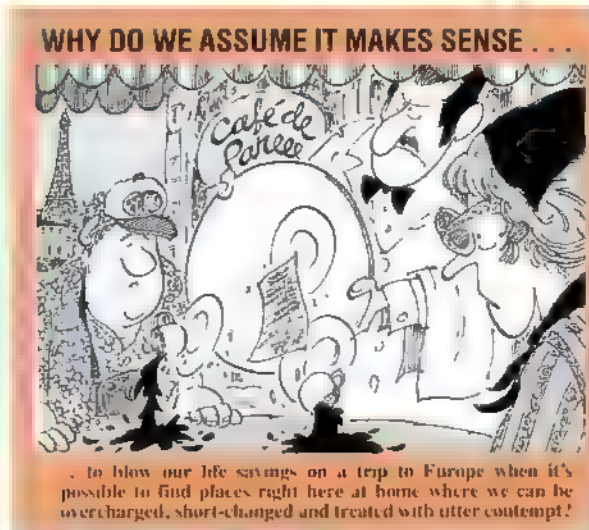
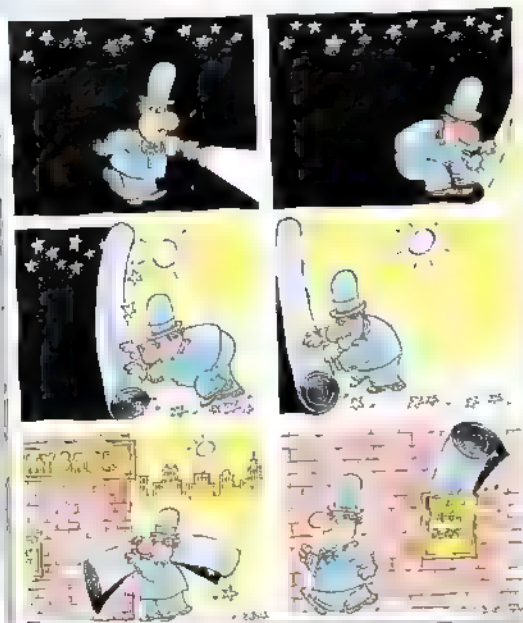
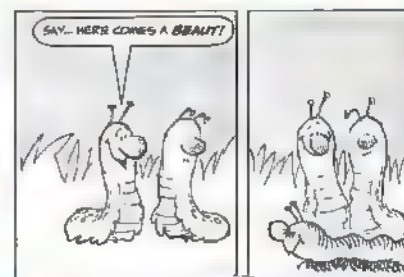
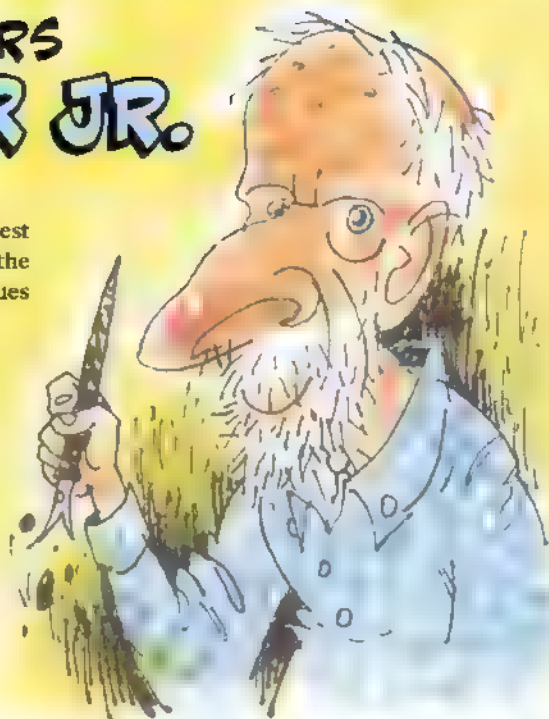
1929-2022

The world keeps taking the wrong Idiots. The MAD world recently lost one of the best and most unsung members of its Usual Gang of Idiots—Paul Coker Jr. A mainstay at the magazine since his arrival in MAD #60 in 1961, Coker appeared in over 372 issues making him among the most prolific MAD contributors of all time.

A master of facial expressions and a deceptively simple and loose drawing style, Coker's art is instantly recognizable on recurring features like "MAD Beast-lies," "The Sights and Sounds of the U.S.A.," and the feature that best displayed his unique gift for combining the charming with the grotesque (and our personal favorite), "Horrifying Clichés."

Though not a household name, there probably isn't a home in the United States that hasn't been charmed by Coker's work in some way. He began his career producing Hallmark greeting cards in the 1950s (even providing some "Honest Greeting Cards" later here at MAD). He also worked in advertising and has been featured in numerous other publications, books, and syndicated newspaper strips. But Coker's art style may have reached its widest audience with his work as production and character designer with the animation company Rankin/Bass where he lent his signature look to a long list of perennial holiday classics like *Frosty the Snowman* and *The Year Without a Santa Claus*.

But if you are a current or former (shame on you!) MAD subscriber, odds are that a subscription ad in our magazine that you answered was illustrated by Paul Coker, our chief artist on those ads for years. So, Paul Coker may have been the one that actually brought us together. Let us celebrate his legacy and talent together by enjoying the visual joy in some of his whimsical artwork created during his almost six decades with MAD.



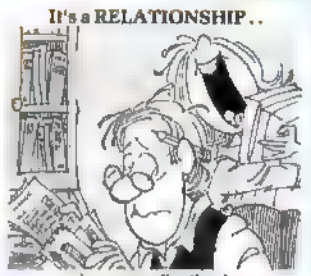
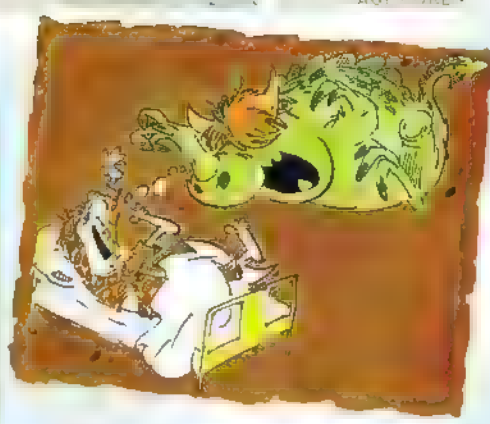
...an elephant experiencing relief.



Hatching A SCHEME



Ticking A FANCY



CENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER)



YOU NEVER REALLY GET USED TO...



... having a dog watch you get undressed!

THE DISGUSTING, EMBARRASSING SOUND OF A WHOOPIE CUSHION... IS GOOD WHEN...



YOU PUT IT UNDER SOMEONE'S SEAT!

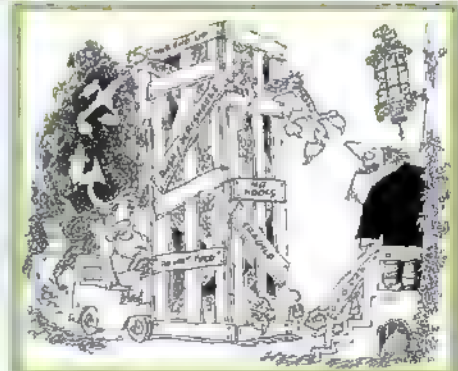
IS BAD WHEN...



YOU DIDN'T!



Troubled By A NAGGING DOUBT



Receiving A STANDING OVATION

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When...



even your own dog barks at you



PG. 24: THE GANG IN BILL GAINES' STATEROOM

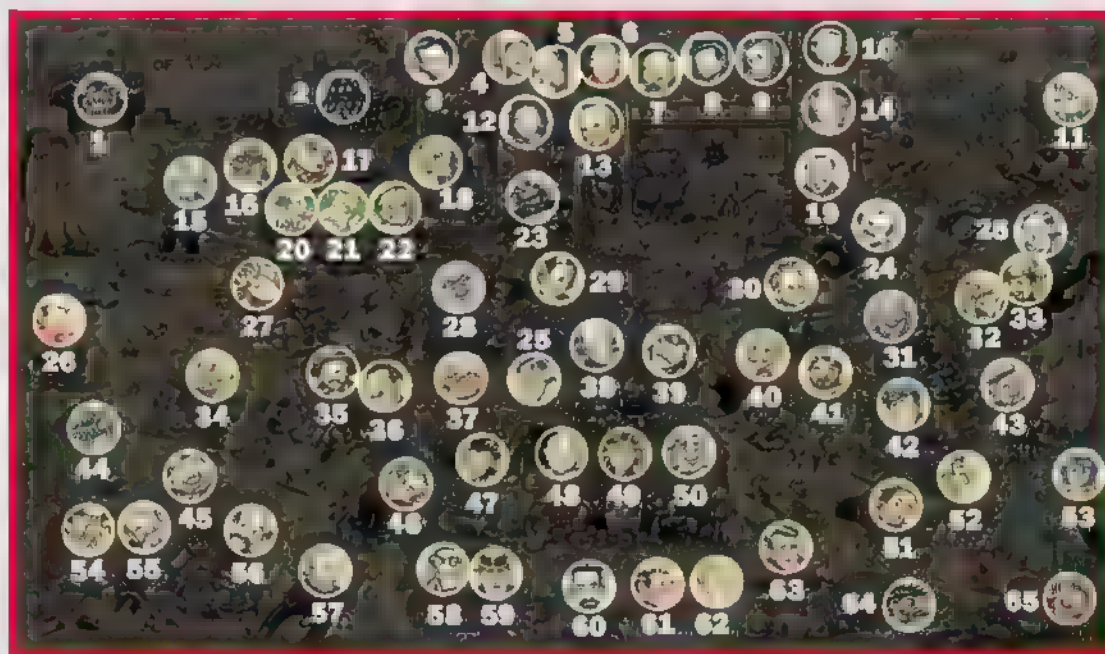
1. WILLIAM M. GAINES - Publisher
2. ANNIE GAINES - Bill's wife, Assistant to the Publisher
3. ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG - Editorial Assistant
4. RICK TULKA - Artist
5. BRENDA TORNEY - Rick's wife
6. SERGIO ARAGONÉS - Writer/Artist
7. CHARLENE RYAN - Sergio's wife
8. GEORGE WOODBRIDGE - Artist
9. DEBBIE WOODBRIDGE - George's wife
10. DICK DEBARTOLO - Writer/Creative Consultant
11. NICK MIEGLIN - Co-Editor
12. LEONARD BRENNER - Art Director
13. Random passenger who had no idea who Bill Gaines was
14. DOROTHY CROUCH - Foreign Correspondent
15. JACK DAVIS - Artist
16. DENA DAVIS - Jack's wife
17. DON "DUCK" EDWING - Writer/Artist
18. CLARE "CLUCK" EDWING - Duck's wife
19. JOHN FICARRA - Co-editor
20. MARIA REIDELBACH - Author of "Completely MAD"

21. SAM VIVIANO - Artist
22. DIANE BLOOMFIELD - Sam's wife
23. ANGELO TORRES - Artist
24. REY CRUZ - MAD's Accountant
25. MIKE SNIDER - Writer
26. BOB CLARKE - Artist
27. RUTH CLARKE - Bob's wife
28. JOHN CALDWELL - Writer/Artist
29. DIANE CALDWELL - John's wife
30. CHARLIE KADAU - Associate Editor
31. AL JAFFEE - Writer/Artist
32. JOYCE JAFFEE - Al's wife
33. Horizon crew member with vacuum cleaner
34. JACK ALBERT - MAD's attorney
35. PAUL COKER JR. - Artist
36. ROSEMARY SMITHSON - Paul's wife
37. PAUL PETER PORGES - Writer/Artist
38. LUCIE PORGES - Paul Peter's wife



PGS. 28-29: MAD'S TOM BUNK VISITS THE SENIOR MAD HOME

- 1) Ping Pong 2) Swamp Thing 3) Drew Friedman 4) John Putnam - Art Director 5) Richard Williams - Artist 6) John Caldwell - Writer & Artist 7) Angelo Torres - Artist 8) Wallace Wood - Artist 9) Mort Drucker - Artist 10) Al Feldstein - Editor & Artist 11) Dave Berg - Writer & Artist 12) Amy Vazeoles - Assoc. Editor 13) Larry Siegel - Writer 14) Frank Jacobs - Writer 15) Irving Schild - Photographer 16) Some Idiot 17) Ryan Flanders - Asst. Art Director 18) Don "Duck" Edwing - Writer & Artist 19) Tom Koch - Writer 20) James Warhola - Artist 21) Paul Coker Jr. - Artist 22) Jack Rickard - Artist 23) Dr. Schmeck 24) Bob Clarke - Artist 25) Butch D'Ambrosio - Writer 26) Paul Peter Porges - Writer & Artist 27) Sergio Aragonés - Writer & Artist 28) Bill Gaines - Publisher 29) Annie Gaines - Asst. to the Publisher 30) Desmond Davlin - Writer 31) John Ficarra - Executive Editor 32) Mark Fredrichsen - Artist 33) George Woodbridge - Artist 34) Alfred E. Old-man - Idiot 35) John Severin - Artist 36) Ray Alma - Artist 37) Lanny Brenner - Art Director 38) Harvey Kurtzman - Artist & Writer 39) Paul Levitz - Editor & Publisher 40) Nick Meglin - Writer & Artist 41) Dave Coverly - Writer 42) Jack Davis - Artist 43) Al Jaffee - Artist & Writer 44) Some Other Idiot 45) Charlie Kadau - Writer 46) Hermann Mejia - Artist 47) Stan Hart - Writer 48) Herman Mingo - Artist 49) Nadina Slonen - Assoc. Art Director 50) Sam Viviano - Artist & Art Director 51) Will Elder - Artist 52) Don Martin - Artist & Writer 53) Suzy Hutchinson - Art Director 54) Typical MAD Reader 55) Joe Ralela - Writer 56) Dick DeBartolo - Writer 57) Monte Wolverton - Artist 58) Antonio Profiles - Artist & Writer 59) Gerry Gersten - Artist 60) Rick Tulka - Artist 61) Basil Wolverton - Artist & Writer 62) Harry North, Esq. - Artist 63) Tom Richmond - Artist 64) Mole 65) Tom Bunk - Idiot Servant & Artist



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JIM LEE PUBLISHER & CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DON FALLETTI VP MANUFACTURING OPERATIONS & WORKFLOW MANAGEMENT

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WHICH DECADE
WAS ARGUABLY
THE BEST ERA OF
MAD MAGAZINE?

HOLY WASTE OF PAPER! IT'S A 70th ANN JUMBO MA



It's hard to believe that there's really been seven decades of MAD Magazine. It feels more like six, right? Six and a half, maybe. Nevertheless, it seems like a milestone worth celebrating—can I get a “HOOHAI!”?

THAT'S ONLY 10

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A"



AFTER 70 LONG YEARS, WE CAN SAFELY SAY
WHO HAS SET THE STANDARD FOR MAD. SOME HAVE SAID
IT WAS THE ERA THAT YOU STARTED READING IT, HOWEVER
ANY GOON SHOULD KNOW THIS—OR HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

A

B

WRITER
JOHNNY

ANNIVERSARY SUPER DUPER SPECIAL DOUBLE AD FOLD-IN



100 DOG YEARS!



This special issue called for a special fold-in, but we misplaced it, so we ran with this one. You should have seen the other one, though—WOW! To see the answer to this age-old question, fold page in as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

"C" MEETS "D"



FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



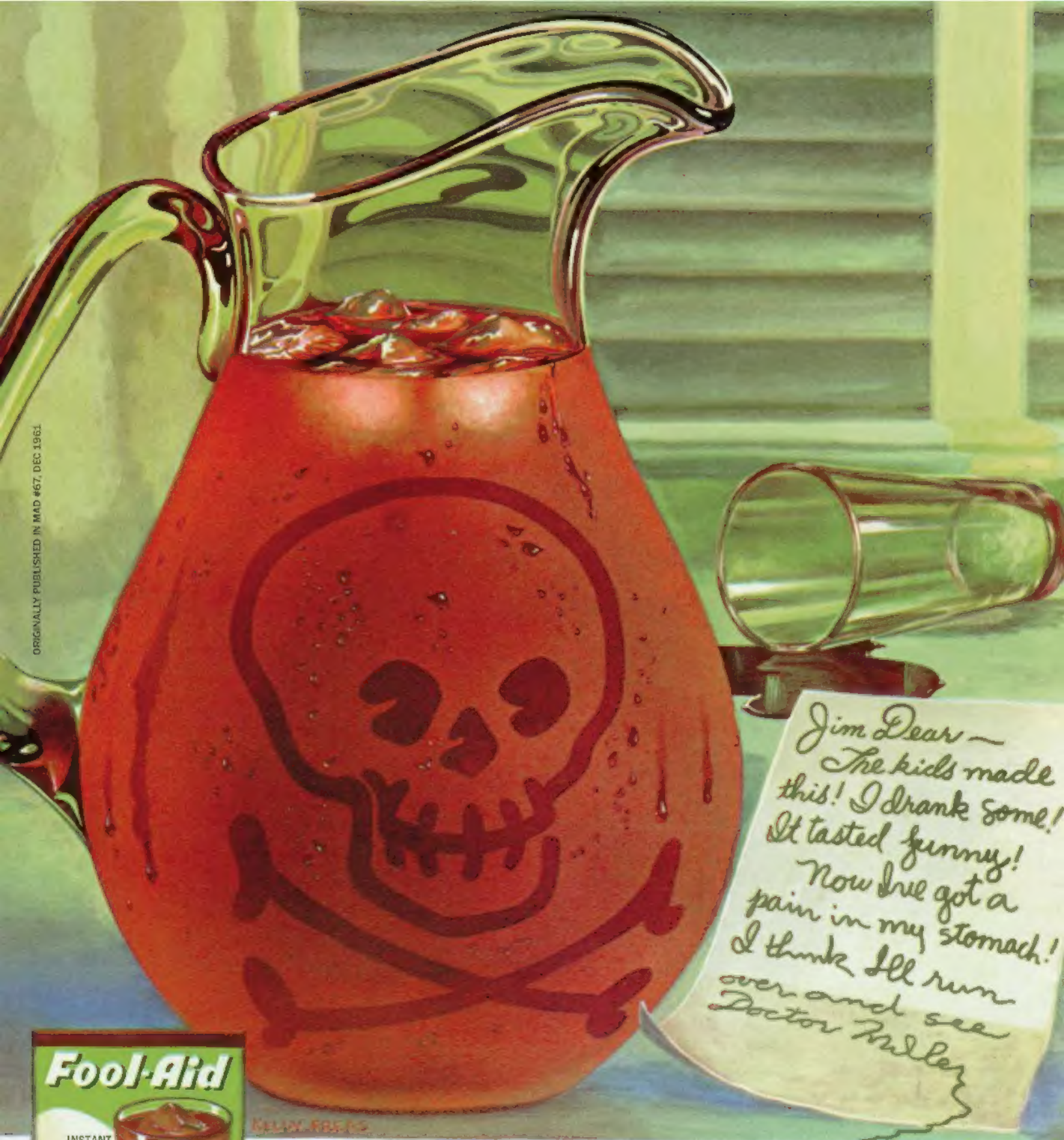
FOLD BACK SO THAT "C" MEETS "D"



ECSTATIC FANS OF MAD ALWAYS HAVE SO MUCH
TO SAY ABOUT THIS TOPIC. NOW THAT WE MIX
SEVERAL ERAS OF MAD INTO ONE, THERE'S PLENTY
OF FAN MAIL SAYING WHICH ONE IS THE BEST.

WRITER & ARTIST
ALY SAMPSON





Jim Dear —
The kids made
this! I drank some!
It tasted funny!
Now I've got a
pain in my stomach!
I think I'll run
over and see
Doctor Miller



There's always need for Fool-Aid. The hideous grin on the pitcher tells you it's indispensable. Warm weather brings out hordes of enterprising kids who set up soft drink stands in every neighborhood. The only trouble is: you can't be sure what the little monsters use to make the stuff. So be prepared! Always carry Fool-Aid — the instant antidote for poisons taken internally.



WHICH DECADE
WAS ARGUABLY
THE BEST ERA OF
MAD MAGAZINE?

70th ANNIVERSARY
MAD

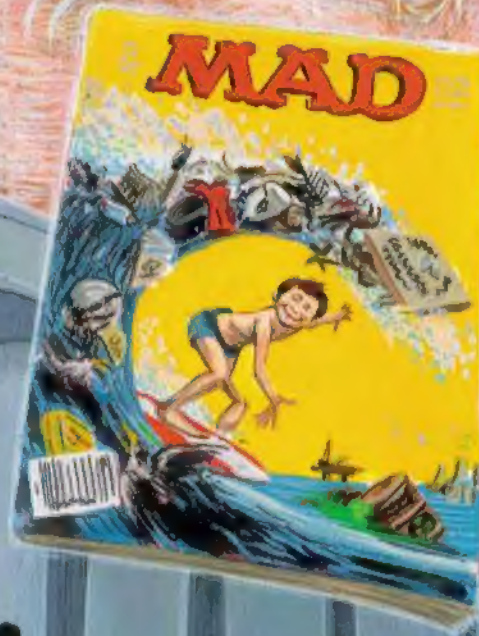
THAT'S ONLY 10 DOG YEARS!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

C D FOLD BACK SO THAT "C" MEETS "D"



WHO SAID
IT WAS EVER
ANY GOOD?

ECCH
X
SEVENTY

A B

WRITER & ARTIST
JOHNNY SAMPSON

C D